

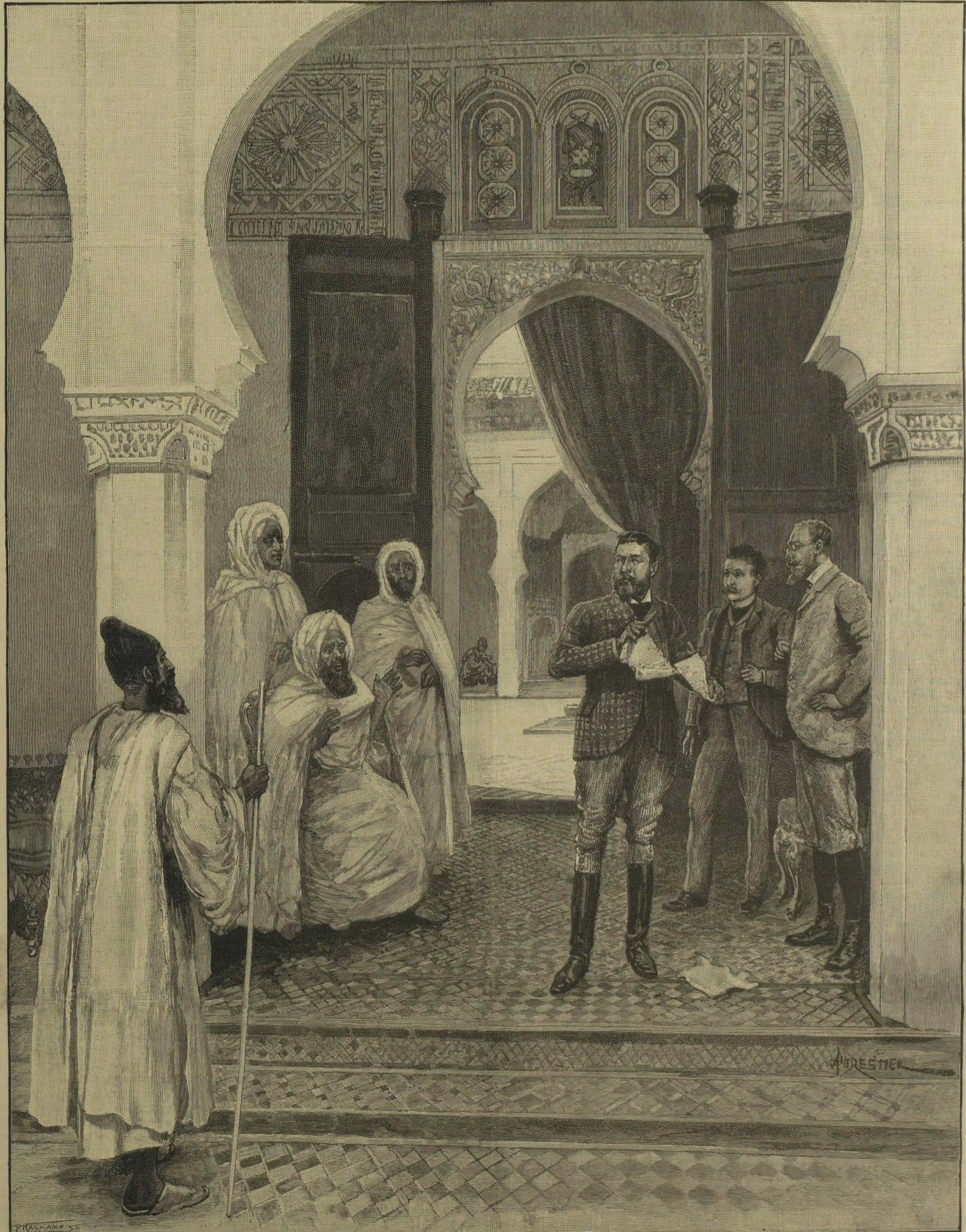
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO: SIR C. EUAN-SMITH TEARING UP THE PROPOSED TREATY IN THE PRESENCE OF THE VIZIER.
FROM NOTES AND SKETCH BY MR. WALTER B. HARRIS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.
BY JAMES PAYN.

The Paris *Figaro* informs us that M. Zola's latest novel, "Le Débâcle," filled 1033 sheets of paper, and that he used "500 goosequills, 225 of which had white and the remainder yellow beaks, except for the last chapter, which he wrote with a steel nib, so as to be more forcible." These interesting literary statistics are quite novel; and it is sad to think how much we have missed through their being so. What a pity that Lockhart never thought of telling us how many goosequills went to each Waverley novel! If steel nibs had been invented in Scott's day, the last chapters would doubtless have been more forcible. We are further informed that M. Zola "consumed four and a quarter pints of black ink and half a pint of red" during the composition of the work in question. As it is quite impossible that even one pint of ink can be used in the ordinary way in writing a novel, it is clear that the word "consumed" is to be taken literally. The novelist took the ink internally, just as water is administered to a pump to set it going; the red ink was probably reserved for the inspiration of those chapters which deal with the battles. On the other hand, it is possible he kept knocking over his inkstand in the excitement of composition, since we read that "he was twice compelled to renew his blotting-pad." What seems strange, considering this peculiarity of detail, we are not informed whether he inked his fingers.

De Quincey tells us that a regret he carried with him like a burden to the end of his life was his failure to meet the poor street-girl who had been so kind to him in his boyhood after he had the means of recompensing her for her charity. Why he calls Oxford Street "stonyhearted" was, perhaps, because, though night after night he watched for her there, that unhappy benefactress of his was never beheld again. Even more sad than this sense of being unable to show ourselves grateful for a service, is our inability to repay a pecuniary obligation from a stranger, not through our impecuniosity, but from some forgetfulness or mischance. My readers may have observed of late an advertisement in the daily papers which is obviously the evidence of a remorse of this description. I have known several such cases. The wife of a captain in the Navy was about to start from Waterloo Station to join her husband at Portsmouth, when, on going to the ticket-office, she found her purse had been stolen. A gentleman who was leaving the station, and noticed her extreme distress of mind, inquired its cause, and at once purchased her ticket for her. In her hurry and alarm she could only pour forth her thanks, which he hastened away to avoid, and she utterly forgot to ask him for his address. Her husband, who was a proud and sensitive man, on hearing what had happened, took the matter seriously to heart, and, indeed, never forgot it. He advertised for his wife's unknown benefactor, and was always haunted by the conviction that he had come to the conclusion she was an impostor. If he had given her his card and she had lost it, he might have had more reason for such a suspicion, and yet not much. A man of any intelligence generally knows whether in such cases he has been fooled or not, and perhaps guesses exactly what has happened; and, at all events, the sum in which he has been muleted has a very small value in his eyes compared with that which it assumes in those of the unfortunate recipient of his kindness. It may be added—though it is difficult to imagine a gentleman behaving otherwise in such circumstances—that everybody is not so kind, and some poor ladies in like straits have had no opportunity of lamenting a debt unpaid, because the money was never lent to them. It should be said, perhaps, as to this last matter, in fairness to human nature, that some persons are so constituted that the idea of being taken in, even in small things, is so repugnant to them, and also so omnipresent, that they shrink by instinct from these obvious responsibilities. But, even so, though we may acquit them of meanness, they indulge in a brutal egotism, at the risk of inflicting great distress and trouble upon a delicate and innocent fellow-creature. They will be taken in, it is quite certain, before they die, and one hopes it will be for a much larger sum, to a far less interesting person.

One is glad to hear that the black old lady who came all the way from Liberia to see her Majesty has had her wish amply gratified. There is something not a little pathetic in her aspiration, considering that, having at one time been a slave, she regarded the Queen as "the Mother of the Free," and that she had no credentials beyond a quilt of her working which "she hoped the Queen would accept from her." She goes back perfectly satisfied with her interview—as well she might be, since she was welcomed by the whole royal family; but her account of it differs from those reminiscences of royalty to which we are all so well accustomed. Being slightly deaf, as most of us are at seventy-six, the low, courtly voices were unintelligible to her; but instead of this being a source of embarrassment, as it is to a good many people, it convinced her of the warmth of her reception. "I cannot tell what they said, but they spoke very soft, and I think they must have been saying blessings to me." This speaks well for human nature in Liberia. I am rather deaf myself, so everybody seems to be "speaking soft" to me, but the

idea that they are invoking blessings upon me, I am ashamed to say, has never entered into my head.

A great English poet (somewhat elliptically) sings of "the pasture Trent," but the "Pasteur Seine" will have henceforward a more personal signification. The Paris authorities, who still believe in that arch humbug, are at present engaged in "Pasteurising" the Seine water with a view to avert the cholera, a new example of Mrs. Partington's mop. It has, moreover, been discovered that "mere boiling and baking" will not put a full-stop to the "comma-shaped bacillus." He survives after being subjected for six hours to a temperature of 165 degrees, so that the hot milk for our coffee will be all boiled away. What does not end in smoke with these scientific gentry ends in steam.

It is not often that anyone who *is* anyone has a good word to say for the amateur. Every man's hand is against him, and in the majority of cases his hand is against himself. In literature this is especially the case. It is true that Lord Byron used to maintain that half-a-dozen persons of his acquaintance among the aristocracy could write better if they chose than the authors by profession of his day; but, as they never did choose, we have still only his lordship's word for it—

The world that credits what is done
Is blind to all that might have been,

and in these days there is certainly "no shadow feared of man" so much as that thrown by the amateur contributor as he comes (with an introduction from a common friend) into the editor's sanctum. For my part, I do not believe in the amateur as compared with the professional in any walk of life, except, perhaps, the space that lies between the wickets; moreover, even in that case, the line of demarcation between the "gentleman" and the "player" is rather indistinctly marked. As to the amateur billiard-player, though he may have "carried a piece of chalk in his waistcoat pocket and called the marker 'Jack'" for twenty years, Jack can always give him points and beat him, and still keep a point or two in reserve. There are many excellent "gentlemen riders" in the world, but if we had a thousand pounds dependent on a race we should prefer a jockey pure and simple—and a very rare jockey he would be—without the gentlemanliness to ride for us. In the current volume of the "Badminton Library," however, Mr. Pilkington, who is an authority upon such matters, gives it as his opinion that a good amateur climber would be fully equal to a guide but for his local knowledge, and that when the locality is strange to both he proves the better man. This is interesting, and may, perhaps, be true; but it is a question which I shall never see settled with my own eyes, unless from a very great distance.

Among the many entertainments we agree to praise, but in reality do not much care about—such as scientific lectures, Greek plays, and after-dinner speeches—is the picnic. This is a relaxation not adapted for a climate the summer of which has been described as "three fine days and a thunderstorm." Even when it is probable that the day will be wet, and possible that we may be in for the thunderstorm, such is the resolution of the British character that, having once decided upon this species of relaxation, it is seldom put off; it being shrewdly suspected that a prorogation of the event would be equivalent to a dissolution, since it is only one or two bold spirits who propose a picnic and carry the rest of us with them *vi et armis*. The prorogation, indeed, never happens with the lower middle class, because their holidays are rare, and have to be arranged beforehand; wet or fine, they go, and if the weather is unpropitious the results are deplorable. If the thunderstorm comes on, and they are in open brakes, there is nothing for it but to take shelter in the first temple of Bacchus. This happened to a picnic party from the East of London the other day. They were a family party; but that does not always prevent people from "saying things," and all the more disagreeable things because (for purposes of irritation) they know exactly what to say. By the time they had returned to their starting-point (also a temple of Bacchus) their libations produced a battle royal in the brake itself. Mrs. A prodded her son-in-law with her umbrella, while his mother, Mrs. B, in defence of her offspring, knocked Mrs. A's front tooth out. Mrs. C, who was a cousin of both ladies, proved her impartiality by depriving them of their bonnets and throwing them into the air. Mrs. D—only a relation by marriage, and who had confined herself to singing at the top of her voice—sought refuge from the fray in her own lodgings, which happened to be handy, and was immediately besieged there by all the rest. It was thought that she had "sneaked away"—deserted the picnic party when it stood most in need of harmony—which bitterly enraged them against her. They doubtless imagined that, being mild and musical, she would submit to oppression, and announced their intention of depriving her of her linnets, of which she kept several in cages. But this admirable woman, roused to indignation by the idea of losing her pets, so pelted them with the flower-pots from her window that they were glad to get away with broken heads. This was the end of the picnic, except that the whole party appeared at the police-office next morning as complainants with their *pièces*

de justification—the tooth, the bonnets, and the broken flower-pots—and were all bound over to keep the peace.

A great deal has recently been said upon the discomposure of our Commander-in-Chief in Malta at the presence of a cat. This is no novelty, for some of the bravest and most distinguished men the world has ever seen have entertained a similar antipathy. The Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the nose if he heard a cat mew. Henry III. of France and the Duke of Schomberg had a similar weakness. This dislike to the gentlest and most domestic of animals is unaccountable; but there have been much stranger aversions. Erasmus, though he lived at Rotterdam, was thrown into a fever if he smelt fish. Joseph Scaliger had a perfect horror of milk. Cardan grew sick at the sight of eggs, however fresh. Vladislaus, King of Poland, was similarly affected if he saw an apple. Boyle could not listen to the sound of water running through a pipe: his house was probably unprovided with the newest improvements. La Mothe le Vayer could not endure music, though "he took the liveliest pleasure in thunder." John Rol of Alcantara would swoon if he heard the word *lana* (wool) pronounced, though he had no objection to the material itself. The author of "The Turkish Spy" tells us he would rather meet a lion face to face than feel a spider crawling over him in the dark. This he humorously attributes to transmigration: "Before I came into my present body," he says, "perhaps I was a fly." This is quite as reasonable an explanation of his antipathy as can be given for any of them. Even Shakspere, though he gives several examples of this riddle, offers no solution of it.

When that long-looked-for work, "What Men with Wooden Legs have Done," is given to an expectant world, Mr. John Gavin should form one of its prominent features. He was one of the ill-fated crew of the Liverpool life-boat the other day, and did service with the best of them. "He was one of the promptest," we read, "in leaping, with the aid of his crutch, into the boat"; and when it turned over, bottom upwards, he climbed on to it, and held on with vigour, crutch and all. It is just possible that a crutch and a wooden leg may make a man confident in his floating powers, though, indeed, there would be the danger of floating, like the boat, the wrong way up; a wooden-headed man, which was certainly not Mr. Gavin's case, would have the better chance. There is nothing that shows pluck so much as the resolution in a maimed man to do as well and as bravely as he did when he had all his limbs.

It is curious, however, that anything amiss with the leg, however serious, becomes the subject of humorous allusion. Nobody laughs at a man with the gout in his stomach, but if it is in his leg it is pooh-poohed. The absolute loss of the lower members is written about at best in a semi-comic way; for if the bard of "Chevy Chase" did not intend to make the man described—

In doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off
He fought upon his stumps,
as ridiculous, his account of him has certainly had that effect; while as for Thomas Hood's hero, who, with the observation, "Let others shoot," left—

His second leg upon the field
And the Forty-second Foot,
his catastrophe is designedly intended to amuse. One notices with pain that the worthy Mr. Gavin is commonly known as "Leggy," a term singularly inappropriate, and generally applied (and always in depreciation) to a quadruped. At the card table, where, too, its presence is absolutely necessary, "leg" is invariably used as a term of reproach; nor do I remember a single instance in poetry, save in the case of Miss Kilmansegg's leg, where that member, and then only on account of its peculiar material, is spoken of otherwise than in disparaging terms. Indeed, in the Bible itself we read that Providence "delighteth not in any man's legs." Why is this universal depreciation of a useful and unoffending limb?

The little volume called "Nightmare Tales" was thrown off, Mrs. Besant tells us, "in her lighter moments" by that remarkable personage, the late Madame Blavatsky. If these compositions owed their being to that lady's comparative cheerfulness, what must she have been, readers will say to themselves, in her graver moods? The book will, however, be much more interesting—though hardly more intelligible—to the general public than her admittedly occult works. The "Theosophical Glossary," from which we are told she snatched a few hours to write it, as a relaxation, has left its mark upon its pages. We do not part company altogether from the gentle Bonze and the much more alarming Yamabooshi and those very unpleasant Djins, who are quite the reverse of the spirits we call high. A more gruesome story than "A Bewitched Life" it would be difficult to find; Mr. Edgar Poe might, indeed, have written it, but not without the aid of a collaborator from Hanwell. "The Ensouled Violin" is only more horrible because it is more intelligible. It must not—nay, I beg pardon, I had forgotten that the lady still takes a personal interest in things here below—it will not please Madame Blavatsky to see her book at the head of our "shilling shockers," but that is the position it will occupy for some time to come. "Nightmare Tales" is the very name for it.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO FEZ.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS, F.R.G.S.

Morocco is essentially a land of romance, yet, among all its romantic stories and associations, there is scarcely one that will compare with the history of Sir Charles Euan-Smith's Special Mission to the Shereefian Court. The account that has come to light since his Excellency's return to Tangier is the true account, and the public have now an authentic version of what has really taken place. It is, I think, unnecessary here to recapitulate the story—unnecessary to dwell on the treachery of the Sultan and his Viziers; rather is it my object to put before the public a slight sketch showing how the events which have been reported bear on the present position of affairs in Morocco.

It will be remembered that Sir Charles's Mission left Tangier at the end of April with all the pomp and solemnity accorded to European envoys by the Moorish Sultan. The march to Fez was accomplished in fourteen days, as, with the amount of baggage and equipage for the transport of so large a party, fast travelling was out of the question.

On his arrival at Fez the Minister was housed in one of those strange and beautiful houses which only an Oriental is a good enough designer and bad enough builder to erect in the way they do—a palace of fountains and ill-fitting doors, of courtyards and draughts. A few days for settling in and unpacking, and then the great reception: the mounted Sultan surrounded by a host of horsemen; the bareheaded representative of the Queen on foot. This over, the work commenced, and for a month or two Sir Charles found himself attempting to open diplomatic relations as to a new Commercial Treaty with a Sultan who is more or less governed by his unscrupulous Viziers, and influenced by the intrigues of foreign nations; Viziers to whom lies are more ready than plain-spokenness, who look for traps where none exist, and who think that others, like themselves, can be influenced by the bribery and corruption to which they are accustomed.

But in dealing with Sir Charles Euan-Smith they found themselves mistaken. They found that their Oriental character was well known to him; they found that their ready flow of excuses and plausibilities were treated in the manner which they deserved; they found that the new British Minister was unbending, and in no item would he swerve from his purpose and the task he had set himself to follow out. It was to be the treaty or no treaty at all. And what was this treaty? What has given rise to the howl of derision and the cry of horror that the French Press has uttered? Were we forcing, as they said, upon his Shereefian Majesty anything that would not be to his advantage as well as to the advantage of Europe in general? Certainly not; and had the Sultan signed the treaty of commerce as laid down by Sir Charles he would not have been long in reaping the benefits. But France, for some reason unknown to the world at large, looks upon Morocco as her own special property, and puts herself forward as the protector of the Sultan's interests; and this when the story of the Tuat question is still ringing in our ears. Has France offered, on the condition that the Sultan does not sign the treaty, to "reconsider" the question of Tuat? Has France persuaded the Sultan that it is to her he must turn in this (as the French have been calling it) hour of danger, when in reality she is preparing to annex a very considerable portion of Moorish territory in the Sahara? If so, it only needs time to show the Moors that the firm action of Sir Charles is more likely really to benefit them in the future than the intrigues of M. Ribot and Comte d'Aubigny. Yet, in spite of the action of France, it is this writer's opinion that, crow as the French Press may, Sir Charles's treaty is almost a "fait accompli," and that before many weeks have passed Morocco will have entered into a Commercial Treaty as beneficial to herself as it will be to the Christian Powers. French intrigue has succeeded in causing a rupture—in fact, has broken off all diplomatic relations between England and Morocco, and it is out of the power of French intrigue to renew relations, to mend what they have done. It will certainly not be by the intervention of the French that peace will be made between the Sultan and the British Government; and, if we are not mistaken, his Shereefian Majesty will in future be very careful how he listens to the advice of France. Any attempt to renew terms of friendship will have to originate from Fez, and it is very doubtful whether France will be consulted as to how an arrangement can be come to. But these are questions that the immediate future will answer.

The whole affair has been a drama as romantic as any that has been enacted in the arena of foreign politics for a very long time. We have seen the Queen's envoy threatened, attacked, besought, and even offered a bribe; nay, more, we have had an example, in the changing of the treaty in the precincts of the palace, of the treachery which is practised at the Courts of Orientals. And how is the drama to end? We have but reached its second act; there is yet one to follow. Shall we throw down the book with a sigh of relief that, after all, things have successfully terminated, or shall we see the curtain at the last ring down upon a scene of strife? Ay, the second act is over. For a few days—it may be more—we shall have to wait for the rising of the curtain again, but during the interval the last scene is fresh on our minds: the figure of our Minister at Fez tearing up the false treaty and hurling the fragments at the treacherous Vizier.

And in what a scene has the drama been played!—for where in the world could one pitch upon as romantic a spot as Fez—

Fez with its palaces and gardens, with its plashing fountains and its waterfalls, with its crowded bazaars and narrow streets teeming with human life? To one who has not seen it it is almost impossible to imagine the great city sloping away from the plain like a glacier, the white roofs seeming to be gliding down the valley between hills covered with orange groves and olive woods. Ay, Fez must have been very beautiful once, and is so now. But it is a city in the past tense—it was; it has been. Everywhere one sees the traces of its past glory, everywhere one sees the signs of its present abasement. Crime and treachery and fear have played their part, and oppression is ever present. The dweller in Fez fears his neighbour, the father fears his son. It is ever present in one's mind, this feeling that Fez is finished. It is present as one passes the open doors of the great Kairouin Mosque, with its three hundred and sixty columns, and one gazes upon the remnants of past magnificence, of fountains falling away, and broken-in domes; it is present as one saunters through the almost windowless streets; it is present even in the crowded markets and bazaars. And the people know it. They deplore it, but they make no struggle against it. "It is written!" they sigh, and the poor man starves and the rich man buys more slaves for his harem. And poison lurks in the coffee and a knife in the raiment of the women, and death is very swift and very sure in Fez. There is no sound of laughter—even the music is sad. The children smile now and again, but that is because they are so young; when they grow older they will smile no more. Even their pleasures are taken solemnly. Just as the great walls that surround the city are falling away, so is the greatness of Islam decaying. The fanaticism remains, but the

scene and drama are before us; we await now only the lifting of the curtain upon the last act.

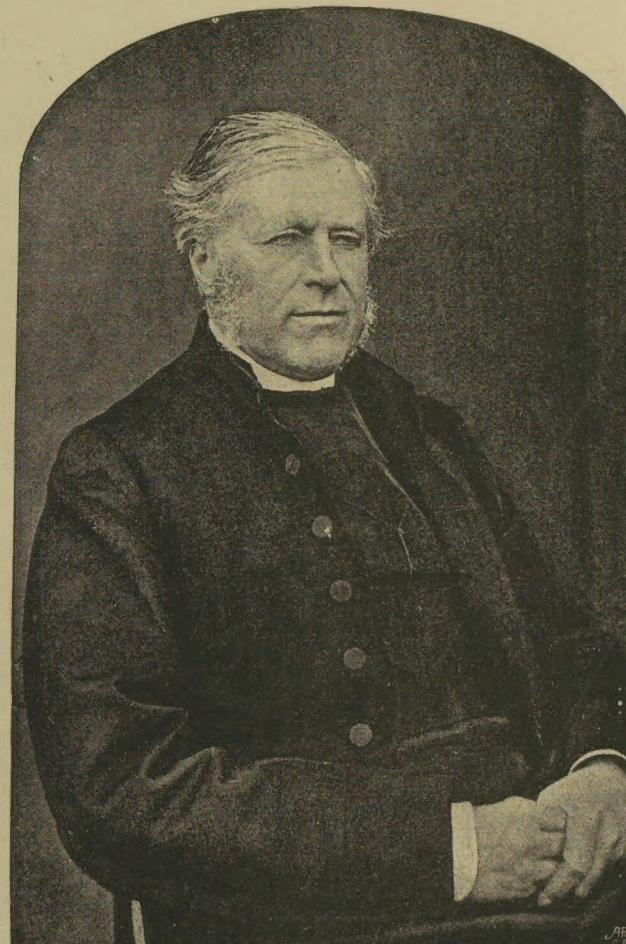
Sir Charles Euan-Smith, who has behaved with such spirit and determination during the negotiations for the signature of a Commercial Treaty at Fez, and who has read the Sultan a lesson in manliness and honour, is just fifty years of age, and has had a wide experience, military and political, with both Indian and African potentates. Sir Charles entered the Indian Army at the age of seventeen, attained the rank of colonel in 1885, and retired from the service in 1889. As early as 1870 he occupied the post of Secretary to the Special Mission sent to Persia in that year. Later, he was military attaché and private secretary to Sir Bartle Frere. He accompanied the Anti-Slave Trade Mission in 1872, and was made Political Resident at Zanzibar in 1875. A year later Sir Charles was again in India, and for three years fulfilled the important duties of Assistant Resident at Hyderabad. In 1879 he was transferred to Muscat as Consul and Political Resident. When Sir Frederick Roberts made his memorable march from Kabul to Kandahar in 1880, Sir Charles was the chief Political Officer to that dashing general. His latest appointment was Consul-General at his old quarters, Zanzibar. Sir Charles was made a C.B. in 1889, and received the honour of knighthood a year later.

THE LATE BISHOP CLAUGHTON.

The death of Bishop Thomas Legh Claughton removes one who for a long number of years took a very considerable part in the active work of the Church. He had reached the very old age of eighty-three when, on Monday, July 25, he quietly passed away at Danbury, the picturesque "palace" near Chelmsford, which had been his residence for a quarter of a century. The late prelate was an Oxford man, one of the distinguished band who were at Trinity early in the thirties. He won quite a number of prizes, and finally took a first class in *Lit. Hum.* in 1831. He was afterwards Latin Essayist, and was elected to a Fellowship. His connection with Oxford was long and intimate. He was Public Examiner in 1835-6, and Professor of Poetry for the ten years 1852-62. Although he was ordained in 1834, it was not until some ten years later that he made any considerable mark in the Church. In 1841 he was appointed Vicar of Kidderminster, a town which was at that time distinctly hostile to the Church. Claughton saw his opportunity, and used it. He gathered round him an able staff of young and energetic curates, mapped the parish out into districts, and arranged for the regular and systematic personal visitation of every house by one of the parochial clergy. A remarkable impression was produced upon the people, and in a very little time Claughton had entirely won their affections. Church work progressed rapidly, and some extra buildings had to be erected. One of Claughton's most valued helpers in those days was the Rev. Walsham How, now the revered and useful Bishop of Wakefield. As a preacher, as well as an organiser, the Vicar won a brilliant reputation, and "Claughton of Kidderminster" was in great request. He laboured in the Midlands until 1867, when, on the death of Bishop Wigram, he was appointed to the bishopric of Rochester. The diocese did not then include South London, but it was sufficiently arduous, and taxed the new bishop's energies to the utmost. He was, however, never found wanting. In 1877, on the reconstitution of the see, he undertook the oversight of the new diocese of St. Albans; and, although well advanced in years, he worked with conspicuous zeal, particularly among the poor of that part of his district known as "London over the border." But in 1890, weakened by serious illness, he had to give up his charge to younger hands, and he has since lived in retirement at Danbury. He was not a writer, but he leaves behind him the reputation of a hard worker, a conscientious leader, and a faithful friend. Bishop Claughton married, in 1842, a sister of Lord Ward, afterwards Earl of Dudley. His eldest daughter was Mrs. Anson, and is now Duchess of Argyll. The funeral took place on Friday, July 29, at St. Alban's Abbey.

THE ALPINE DISASTER AT ST. GERVAIS.

There is little to be added to our accounts, lately published, of the calamitous destruction of the village, hotel, and bathing or medicinal-water establishment of St. Gervais, in Savoy, on the night of July 11, when a hundred and forty persons lost their lives. Our present Illustrations are from two photographs, one showing the gardens of the bathing establishment, with the small river called the Bon Nant and the neighbouring woods, as they appeared before the flood came down; the other displays the subsequent scene of havoc and devastation. The immediate cause of this disaster, as has been stated, was the breaking away, from pressure of water, of some ice barrier in or above the gorge through which an Alpine torrent from the lower end of the Glacier de Bionnassay, on the side of Mont Blanc, descends to the Bon Nant. But two scientific gentlemen, Professor Forel and Professor Duparc, who have now inspected the whole course of the torrent and the glaciers above, express different opinions concerning the origin of that disturbance of the ice formations. The one finds it in the fall, by a kind of ice avalanche, of a small overhanging glacier, the Tête Rousse, which hitherto, at the altitude of 10,000 ft. above the sea-level, was suspended on the brink of a precipice above the Glacier de Bionnassay. The falling ice dislodged a vast quantity of water accumulated above the latter glacier and dammed back as in a reservoir; there was much water also confined within the glacier, and this would be forced out by the tremendous shock from the ice avalanche. We are inclined to believe in M. Duparc's view, which is here succinctly described.



THE LATE RIGHT REV. THOMAS LEGH CLAUGHTON, D.D.

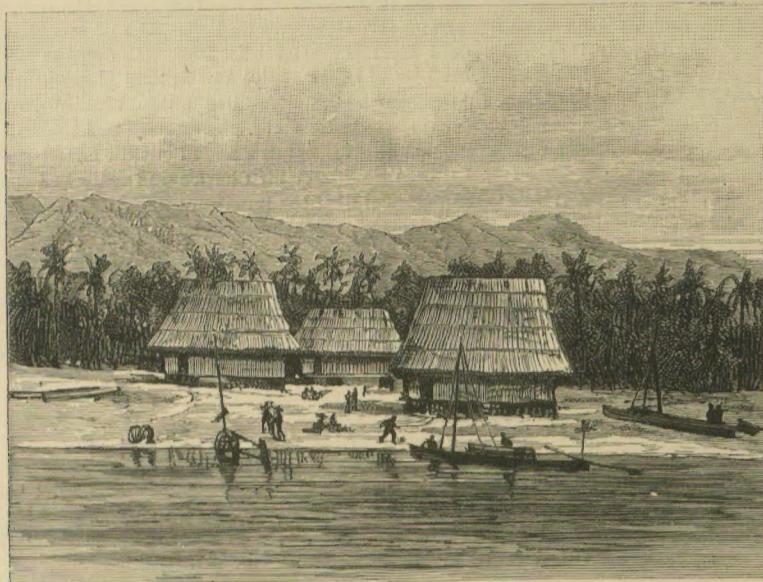
THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN SANGUIR.

The small island of Sanguir, or Sanghir, in the Malay Archipelago, situated about halfway between the south-eastern point of Mindanao, one of the Philippine Islands, and the north-eastern point of the Dutch island of Celebes, belongs to the latter, from which it is distant nearly two

hundred miles. Its population, which was estimated at 12,000, is almost entirely native, but a Dutch official, with his household and servants, resided on the coast. The report of the total destruction of this island and its inhabitants, which was recently brought to Borneo by the captain of a merchant-vessel that had passed large quantities of floating matter at sea, apparently cast forth by a volcanic eruption, is now said to have been greatly exaggerated; but it seems to be ascertained that in the northern part of the island an eruption of the volcano long noted there has devastated many villages and has caused the loss of at least two thousand lives. We have no further details of this calamity, which does not appear to have directly affected the European settlement. Our Illustrations of the island and the natives are from sketches by Mr. Savage Landor.

Similar outbreaks of volcanic force, too often attended with even more extensive disasters, have been of frequent occurrence, at intervals of not more than ten or fifteen years, in that region of the globe. The sea north of Celebes to the Philippines is a deep basin, produced doubtless by the sinking at a remote geological period of a large portion of a former continent, and Sanguir is one of a series of small islands arising from the submerged eastern rim of this basin. It is probable that the

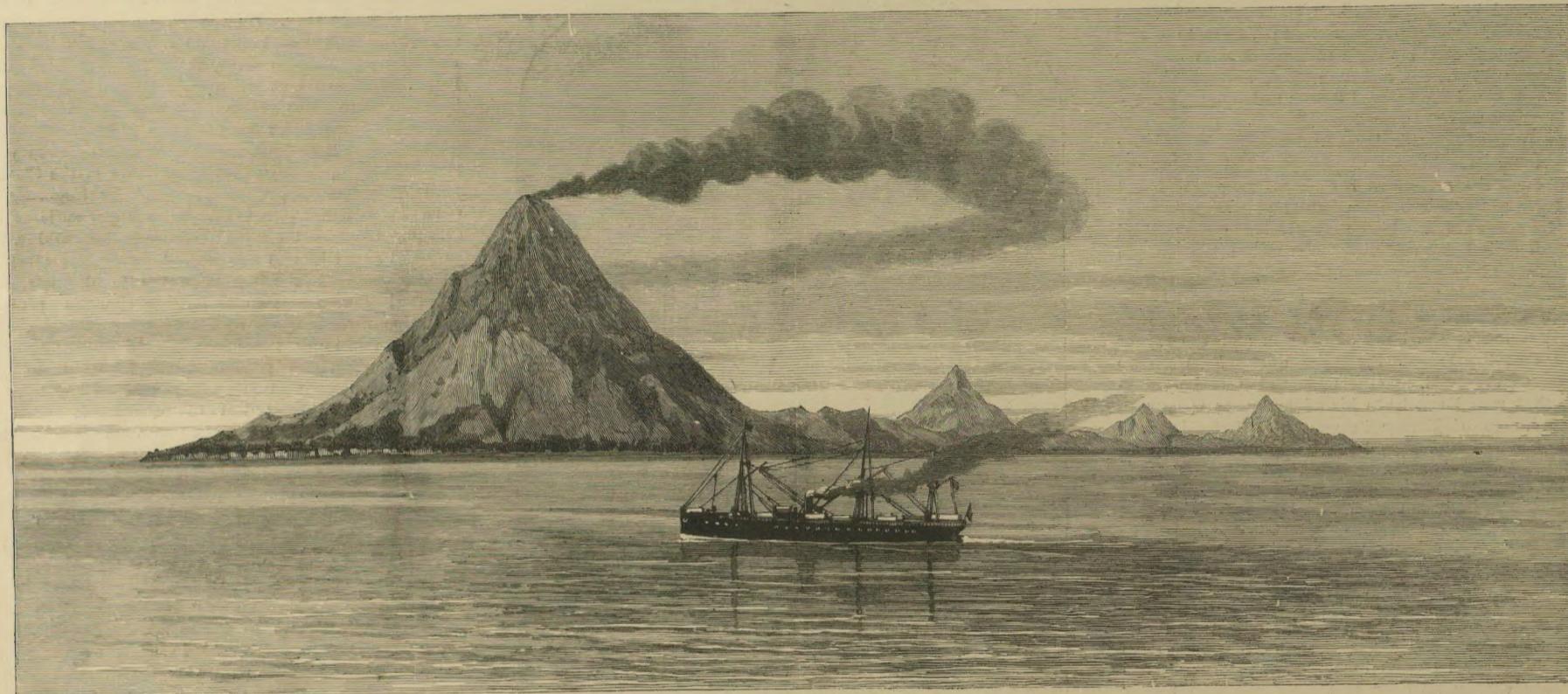
thrown up by the volume of steam, which is the true explosive force, stored up during a period of years, the length of which can sometimes be calculated with approximate truth, so that it might be possible almost to predict the date of an eruption, the condition of the sea-bottom, and the outlets of the steam-



HOUSES OF NATIVES.



A NATIVE OF SANGUIR.



VIEW OF SANGUIR FROM THE SEA.

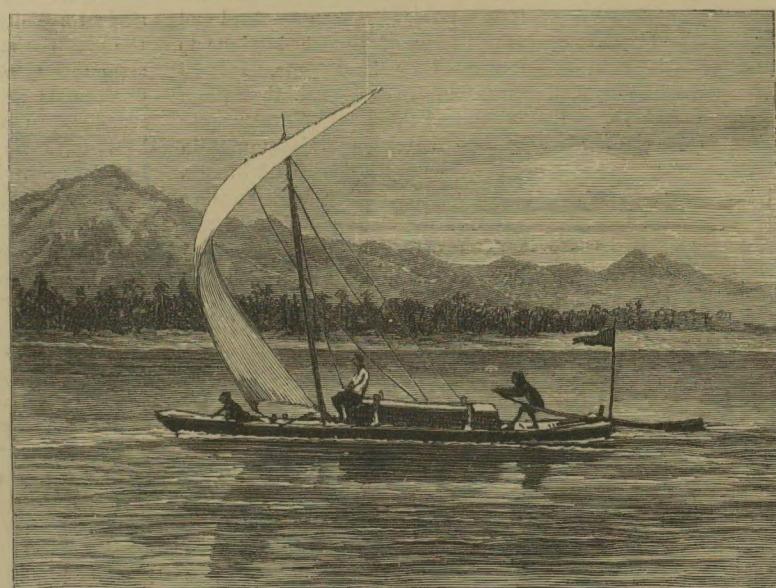
bottom of the sea here is deeply fissured, allowing water by degrees to penetrate many thousand feet below, where it comes into contact with perpetual subterranean furnaces or masses of molten mineral substance. The water is thus converted into steam at a high pressure, which rises upward, through caverns and passages made by its own force, in the mountains on the neighbouring shores, though, naturally a much greater portion of the steam is discharged by submarine outlets, and is lost in the sea, usually without being perceived. Any falling-in of the submarine roof of a reservoir of steam may, however, drive enormous volumes of explosive vapour to find vent by the nearest land craters. These are most abundant, of course, where the superficial earth-crust is thin and frail, as it is likely to be among groups of islands, or in a peninsula, lying along a narrow ridge of submerged rock which descends abruptly, perhaps occasionally slipping, towards a deep ocean basin. The immediate cause of an eruption, in short, is either the generation of additional steam by the concealed admission of water to the profound abode of extreme terrestrial heat, or it is the opening of new passages by some internal action of steam in

force, if not its capacity, being estimated from past outbreaks of the latter. It is evidently a problem which science may hereafter be able to solve.

The islands Ruang and Siauw are mere volcanoes standing in the sea, but Sanguir is twenty-five miles long by about fifteen miles broad, with undulating hills and valleys occu-



NATIVES OF SANGUIR.



A NATIVE BOAT.

pying its southern half, and the great Awn volcano and its slopes the greater part of its northern half. When Mr. Sydney Hickson visited the islands, in November 1885, the Ruang and the Awn were quiet, but the Siauw was sending out dense volumes of smoke.



THE FIRE GOING DOWN.

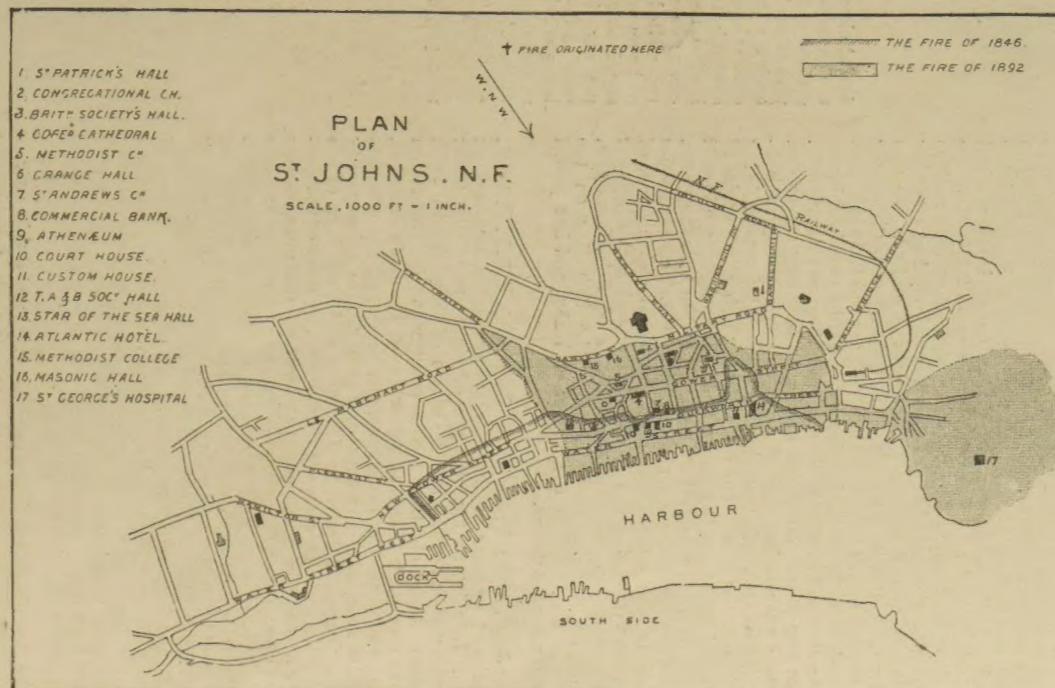
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. HENRY F. BRADSHAW.

At a meeting of the Mansion House Committee of the fund for the relief of the distress occasioned by the disastrous fire at St. John's, Newfoundland, the Lord Mayor presided, and there were present Sir Terence O'Brien (Governor of Newfoundland), Sir Charles Tupper (High Commissioner of Canada), the Hon. A. W. Harvey, of Newfoundland, and others. It was resolved to remit a second sum of £9000 to Newfoundland by telegraph, and to request Government to send a company of Royal Engineers to assist in laying out the rebuilding of the city, if acceptable to the Newfoundland Government.

Our View of the scene of havoc and desolation, when the great conflagration had almost stopped, is supplied by the sketch received from a correspondent, Mr. H. F. Bradshaw, whose letter is dated July 13. To the right hand, on the north shore of the harbour, and on the slope of the hill, upon the summit of which still stands intact the Roman Catholic Cathedral with its twin towers, as far as the small open space to the east, with the Methodist Church in Cochrane Street, also uninjured, rising above, just within the limits of this view, all is a mass of ruins, the chimneys of many houses remaining where the main buildings, usually constructed of wood, have been reduced to ashes. Smoke from the coal-yards on the shore, which continued to burn several days, partially obscures the prospect, different features of which at times became revealed to sight by the shifting of the wind. Below the hill, to the left hand, are the remains of several of the most conspicuous buildings—the fine English Cathedral, the Presbyterian Church, the Athenaeum, and the Methodist Church in Gower Street, which have been destroyed. This was the central quarter of the city. The fire began at five o'clock in the afternoon of Friday,

July 8, high on the western side of the hill, and was driven down, by a fierce wind from the west-north-west, sweeping over both the lower ground and the hill-slopes comprised in this description, sites densely covered with houses; while that portion of the town lying farther west, up the harbour, was spared, as well as the opposite shore. Near the southern shore, as seen to the left hand in our correspondent's sketch, lay on July 13 the ships which had then arrived from Halifax on a mission of relief, H.M.S. Blake and H.M.S. Emerald; also the screw-steamer Ulundi, with relief stores, is lying in the mid-channel a short distance above. It is estimated that ten or twelve thousand of the population are rendered houseless and destitute. Efforts to provide for their wants are most imperative just now, but special appeals are made also for aid in rebuilding the English Cathedral and the other churches, chapels, and schools, to which co-religionists in England and Scotland are invited to contribute. The English Cathedral was a noble Gothic edifice, designed by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and built of stone, at intervals of time, during forty years past. The Church of England Synod Hall is also destroyed; the Methodist College, the Masonic Hall, St. Patrick's Hall, and the hall of the Orange Society. Meantime, the house-owners and proprietors of warehouses, shops, and other commercial establishments at St. John's complain that some of the owners of building land are disposed to exact a higher price for sites to be occupied by new buildings.

The hospital ship Albert, belonging to the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, has arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, with a quantity of clothing for distribution among necessitous fishermen's families. The Governor's wife, Lady O'Brien, has kindly undertaken this task.



PLAN SHOWING THE PART OF THE CITY DESTROYED BY THE FIRE.

THE GREAT FIRE IN THE CITY OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

PERSONAL.

By the death of Mr. John Macgregor, well known as "Rob Roy," noticed last week, a bright and good example of robust

Christian philanthropy has departed from among us. The eldest son of the late General Sir Duncan Macgregor, he was born in January 1825. As a babe, he was, with his parents, on board the ill-fated Kent when that vessel took fire in the Bay of Biscay; but the whole family was rescued. Young Macgregor was ultimately brought to England to be

educated. As a lad, at the King's School, Canterbury, he gave promise of remarkable talent, and when he went up to Trinity College, Dublin, he gained many prizes. In 1845 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, whence he graduated as a Wrangler in 1848. It was during his Cambridge days that he first began to write and to sketch for *Punch*. His connection with that journal was kept up during many years, Macgregor giving the proceeds of his work to the police office poor-boxes. Many charitable institutions benefited in this way from his labours with his pen. But he was not content simply to subscribe to societies' funds; he was ever ready to take an active part in their work. In 1847 he joined the Ragged School Union, and in 1851 he founded the original Shoebblack Brigade. An associate and constant friend of the benevolent Lord Shaftesbury, he was always at that zealous nobleman's right hand in good work for the relief of suffering mankind, especially the waifs and strays of society. He was heartily interested in the work of the training-ships Chichester and Arethusa and in that of the Reformatory and Refuge Union. He founded the Open-Air Mission, of which he remained honorary secretary till his death, himself preaching not infrequently. He was also deeply interested in the Anti-Slavery movement. But there was another side of his character equally remarkable. He was a lonely traveller, his principal journeys being made in small canoes. The story of his "Rob Roy" cruise of a thousand miles on the rivers and lakes of Europe is well known. It was a complete success, and in the following year, 1863, he performed another similar expedition. These examples resulted in the establishment of the Royal Canoe Club, of which the Prince of Wales is commodore and Mr. Macgregor was the chairman. His books descriptive of Palestine, Syria, and Egypt will be remembered. "The Rob Roy on the Jordan" is dedicated to the Prince of Wales, and has passed through several editions.

The death of Mr. Frederick Le Gros Clark, F.R.S., F.R.C.S., an eminent member of the medical profession, occurred on Friday, July 22, at the ripe age of eighty-two. Mr. Clark became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1833, and soon after obtained an appointment in connection with the medical school attached to St. Thomas's Hospital, where he subsequently made his mark as one of the soundest and most successful surgeons of his day. He subsequently became Hunterian Professor of Surgery and Pathology to the Royal College of Surgeons, and Examiner in Surgery of the University of London, and, somewhat later on, was unanimously elected president of the college. Professor Clark was in many ways a man of distinguished ability and of wide knowledge. Besides contributing various learned treatises bearing on his own especial subjects, surgery and pathology, he wrote an admirable elementary text-book on Physiology for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, a revised edition of "Paley's Natural Theology," and other works of interest bearing upon the truths of Christianity, all of which obtained a considerable circulation. Professor Clark was very highly respected by his professional brethren. He retired from the active duties of life a few years ago.

The Queen's Prize winner on Bisley Common this year is Major Pollock, of the 3rd Renfrewshire Rifle Volunteers

(battalion attached to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders Regiment), who is manager of the branch of the Union Bank at Barrhead, ten miles from Glasgow. His total score was 277, of which 93 were made at the first stage, 108 at the second, and 76 at the third stage. His nearest competitors were Private Comber, of the 2nd West Surrey, and

Private Stocks, 2nd Liverpool, who each scored 275, winning badges with minor prizes; Major Ferguson, 1st Inverness, and Sergeant Lawrence, 1st Dumbarton, each scoring 273. Towards the close, on Saturday, July 23, it was a very exciting contest; if Comber, or Stocks, or Lawrence had hit the bull's-eye with one of their last shots there would have been a "tie." But Major Pollock won the gold medal and gold badge for this year of the National Rifle Association, with her Majesty's prize of £250; having also, on Friday, won the silver medal in the competition at the second stage, shooting excellently well at 600 yards, and very well at the farther range, with the aid of

glasses. He was lifted and carried in triumph, with hearty cheering, to the Bell Tent, where Lady Waldegrave presented the prize.

The Earl of Orkney, the latest member of our old aristocracy who has formed an alliance with a member of the theatrical profession, is a young man of five-and-twenty, who is but little known in London society, and who succeeded his uncle in the title but a comparatively short time ago. The family name of the Earls of Orkney is Fitz-Maurice, and the dignity was originally conferred on Lord George Hamilton, the fifth son of Lord William Douglas (created Duke of Hamilton for life) in 1696. The title descends in the female line, failing male issue, and there have been three Countesses of Orkney during last century, the third of whom married a Fitz-Maurice of Denbighshire, from whom the present Earl is descended. The young Earl's ancestral home is Castle Wigg, Whithorn, N.B.; but he and his bride, who are both devoted to hunting, have taken a residence at Leighton Buzzard, where they will reside.

The President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference this year, the Rev. Dr. Rigg, is well known as an author of theological and philosophical literature. With reference to the affairs of that important religious organisation, in his opening address to the Conference at Bradford, on Monday, July 25, Dr. Rigg took a practical view of the progress made by the "Wesleyan Methodist Connexion" since its Bradford meeting, fourteen years ago. He said:

"There had been a wonderful change. The Conference of 1878 took up not too soon the question of the financial embarrassment of Methodism. It seemed to him to have been a providential co-ordination that just when bankruptcy was threatened there should have been such a gathering, and that, notwithstanding the deep depression of the times, from the laymen who were present at Bradford there should have arisen that suggestion which led to the Thanksgiving Fund and all it had done for Methodism. He desired to point out some wonderful features in their extended, enlarged, and remodelled economy, pointing especially to the development of home missionary work. Who was there who twenty years ago, looking at what was called their home mission work, did not say that what they wanted was not merely one home mission fund, which could never do all the work, but as many home missionary organisations as there were great centres and aggregations of population? Now they had seen this accomplished." The Wesleyans may be congratulated on having Dr. Rigg, enabled by circumstances, to say so much as all this.

The funeral of the late Mr. Thomas Cook, originator and manager, until late years, of the contract system of foreign tours, which has made his name famous all over Europe and beyond Europe, took place at Leicester, attended by friends, including the Mayor the local superintendent of the Midland Railway and his fellow-townsmen. The history of his successful undertaking, which has really contributed, in no small degree, to deliver middle-class

English people from insular narrowness of mind, from stupid and silly antipathy to foreign nations, the effect of sheer ignorance, and to make them acquainted with scenes of the greatest historical interest, with the grandest features of nature in landscape, and with "mores hominum multorum, et urbes"—essential parts of a liberal education, will have its place, no doubt, in a summary of benefits conferred on social life during the past half-century. We hope and trust that the numerous host of "Cook's tourists" have learned also to value international peace.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W., for our portrait of the late Bishop Claughton; to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W., for that of the Rev. Dr. Rigg; to Messrs. Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly, W., for that of the late Mr. J. Macgregor ("Rob Roy"); and to Messrs. J. Burton and Sons, Haymarket, Leicester, for that of the late Mr. T. Cook.

For the Parliamentary portraits given in this issue we are also indebted to Mr. A. Bassano, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Mayall and Co., New Bond Street; Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street; Messrs. Dickinson, New Bond Street; Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; Messrs. Barrand, Oxford Street; Mr. G. Jerrard, Regent Street; Messrs. Maull and Fox, Piccadilly; Messrs. Window and Grove, Baker Street; Messrs. Vandyke, Regent Street; Messrs. Debenham and Gould, Bournemouth; Messrs. Lafayette, Dublin; Mr. J. H. Goldie, Swansea; Messrs. Werner and Son, Dublin; Mr. Willis, Gravesend; Messrs. Chancellor, Dublin; Mr. J. Stuart, Glasgow; Vienna Art Photo Company, Belfast; Messrs. Hill and Wakeling, Stonehouse, Plymouth; and Messrs. Chaffin and Son, Taunton.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, is at Osborne House, Isle of Wight. The Prince of Wales, in his yacht *Aline*, arrived at Cowes on Tuesday, July 26, and moored his yacht in the roads there, opposite the German war-ship *Moltke*, to await the arrival, on Monday, Aug. 1, of the German Emperor, on a visit to our Queen, and the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which the Prince of Wales is Commodore. His Royal Highness, a day or two before, was in London, and presided over a meeting of the Royal Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851; also at a meeting of the Trustees of the British Museum. The Princess of Wales and her daughters remained at Sandringham.

It is understood that the Queen will postpone her journey to Balmoral till the Ministerial crisis is over. When the change of Government occurs, the outgoing and incoming Ministers will have audience of her Majesty at Osborne. This arrangement is due to the obvious inconvenience which would be caused if Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone were compelled to travel from London to the Highlands and back. It would be better still if the Court were to sojourn in London during the necessary formalities, but that is not likely.

The Queen has been pleased to confer the Order of the Garter upon the Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Abercorn.

There is little doubt that Lord Salisbury will resign as soon as a hostile vote is passed in the new House of Commons, though some of his friends continue to urge him to disregard a vote of "no confidence" on account of the smallness of Mr. Gladstone's majority. It is even argued that he would be entitled to hold office till next February; in other words, that a Minister without a majority has a right to enjoy the emoluments of office and to conduct the foreign affairs of the Empire as if nothing had happened. To a man of Lord Salisbury's character such a course is manifestly impossible. Nobody knows better than he that in foreign relations his position would be untenable.

Mr. Gladstone's position is the theme of much excited speculation. Some observers (not in his own camp) think he is bound to direct the policy of his Government from the House of Lords. They are persuaded that the arduous duties of the leadership in the House of Commons must be too great a strain upon a man of his advanced age. They would like to see him become Lord Liverpool—a most ill-chosen title, by-the-way, for the name of Liverpool is associated with one of the worst periods of misgovernment in our political annals. There does not appear to be the smallest chance that Mr. Gladstone will oblige Messrs. Tadpole and Taper by donning a coronet and removing himself from the centre of political conflict. According to all accounts, his health is excellent, and he has every intention of conducting in person the experiment of governing with a small majority. It is probable that the chief burdens of leadership in the Commons will be undertaken by Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Henry Fowler, while Mr. Gladstone reserves the general direction of affairs.

As to the composition of the new Ministry, there is little at present to report except surmise. Sir William Harcourt has been holding informal receptions of Liberal members at his house. One prominent member of the Opposition, Mr. Henry Labouchere, has caused some sensation by urging his leaders to shelve Home Rule and go on with English reforms. As it is quite certain that the Nationalist members would never consent to such an arrangement, it is impossible to see how Mr. Gladstone is to carry on the Government by alienating the party who compose his majority. Mr. Labouchere's action is extremely ill-advised, especially as he was expected to receive some important post in the new Administration. It is of the very essence of the Liberal policy, both in justice and expediency, that a Home Rule Bill should be put in the forefront of the programme, and carried through the House of Commons. To this course Mr. Gladstone is personally pledged.

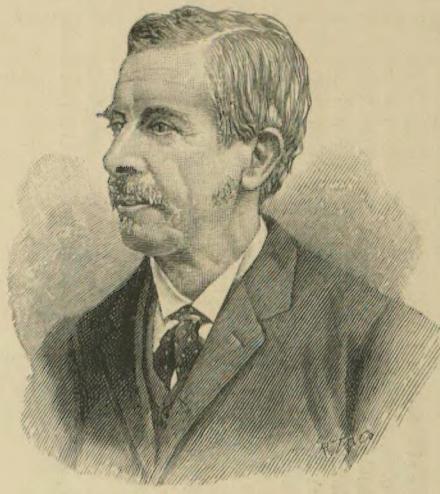
Meanwhile, it is confidently affirmed by the Liberal Unionists that Mr. Chamberlain will be able to outmanoeuvre Mr. Gladstone on every point. It is obviously good tactics for the Liberal leader to press forward popular measures for Great Britain, and it is these which Mr. Chamberlain is to trump. On the question of "One man, one vote," the Liberal Unionists will, no doubt, be able to manœuvre with "One vote, one value," or equal electoral districts—that is to say, they will demand a further reform in the shape of a redistribution of seats. But how Mr. Chamberlain is to trump taxation of ground values, payment of members, parish councils, Welsh Disestablishment, and other measures to which his Conservative allies are strongly opposed, is not yet explained.

A curious point has arisen in the City in regard to the choice of the next Lord Mayor. The alderman who should be elected according to rotation is Mr. Knill, who has intimated to the Corporation that as a Roman Catholic he could not attend the religious ceremonies at St. Paul's and in the City churches. It is thought that this will be an insuperable objection to Mr. Knill's election; but, on the other hand, it seems rather late in the day to exclude Roman Catholics from the mayoralty because they cannot conform to a purely ceremonial custom.

A dramatic scene was witnessed at a dinner given by the Premier of New South Wales to a party of friends. Lord Knutsford, who was the chief guest, in proposing Mr. Dibbs's health, announced that the Queen intended to confer the honour of knighthood on this distinguished colonist. Mr. Dibbs declared that the intimation had taken him completely by surprise. He has been duly knighted by her Majesty at Osborne.

Of foreign intelligence this week there is little or nothing that is important in European political affairs. Prince Bismarck, interviewed by South German sympathisers at Kissingen, maintains his right to criticise the Imperial Government. French journalists find matter for smart flings at the English in the affair of the Mission to Morocco, and in Lieutenant Mizon's complaints of uncivil treatment in West Africa at the hands of agents of the Royal Niger Company. The Belgian Anarchists at Liège have been tried, and nine of them sentenced to various terms of imprisonment or penal servitude. The Norwegian-Swedish Ministerial crisis has terminated in a mutual compromise. There have been fresh labour riots in Spain. The spread of cholera in Southern Russia continues to excite alarm.

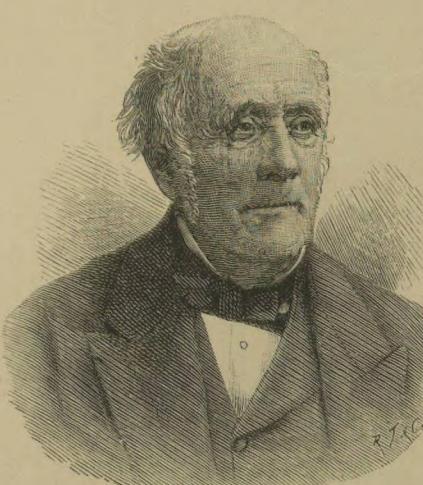
In the United States of America, the fierce conflict between organised and armed bands of workmen in the iron manufacture and their employers, notably at the Homestead works of A. Carnegie and Co., near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, has occasioned a fresh outrage. Mr. Frick, the German manager, was shot thrice and severely wounded, on July 23, by a man named Berkman, a Russian Jew and Anarchist, but Mr. Frick's life is not in danger. The State militia now occupy Homestead to preserve the peace; one of the militiamen, having mutinied and called on his comrades to cheer the assassin, was punished by being hung up from his thumbs.



THE LATE MR. JOHN MACGREGOR ("ROB ROY.")



THE REV. DR. RIGG.

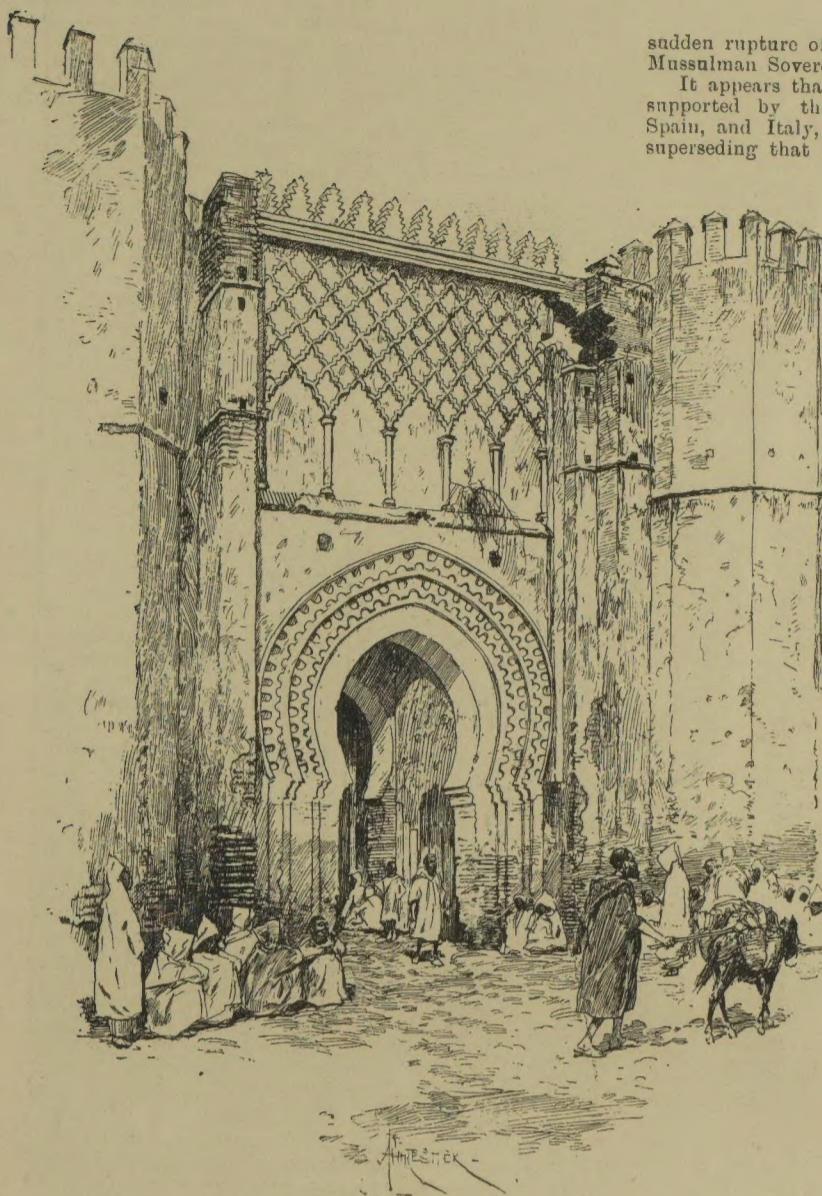


THE LATE MR. THOMAS COOK.



MAJOR POLLOCK,
Winner of the Queen's Prize at Bisley.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.



THE GATE OF BU JULUD AT FEZ.

In a separate article, by Mr. Walter B. Harris, a well-known traveller in Morocco, in Arabia, and in other Mohammedan States, the reader will find a vivid sketch of the actual situation of the Sultan Mulaï el Hassan's Court and Government, with a glance at the romantic aspects of the city of Fez, the scene of the recent extraordinary incidents that caused the

sudden rupture of British diplomatic intercourse with that Mussulman Sovereign.

It appears that the object of the British Special Mission, supported by the representatives of Germany, Austria, Spain, and Italy, was to obtain a new Commercial Treaty, superseding that which was concluded, in 1856, by Sir John

Drummond Hay with the

father of the present Sultan.

The advantages of the new treaty were to be equally open to all European nations, and would exceed those gained by the German Convention of 1890. It would remedy abuses existing by a Convention arranged in 1883 for the protection of Europeans in Morocco. They would be allowed to own lands or houses, purchasing these without the intervention of the Sultan's Government; and the export of corn, horses, and cattle, hitherto restricted to Tangier, would be permitted at other ports; while the duties on goods transported by sea from one port of Morocco to another would be reduced.

On July 5, the Sultan told Sir C. Euan-Smith that he would sign this treaty next day. He delayed so doing, without assigning any pretext, till July 9, and then sent his Vizier with a fresh draft treaty, containing some clauses which substantially nullified the original stipulations previously agreed to. Sir C. Euan-Smith refused to sign it; the Vizier then said that he was authorised to pay our Minister £30,000 if he would sign it, whereupon Sir C. Euan-Smith instantly tore up the paper in the Vizier's presence.

Next day, the courtyard of

the house occupied by the

British Envoy and his family

was beset by ill-looking

fellow, using language of insult

and menace to the inmates. Neither

Sir C. Euan-Smith nor his wife, nor

the members of his staff, were per-

sonally alarmed, but a complaint was

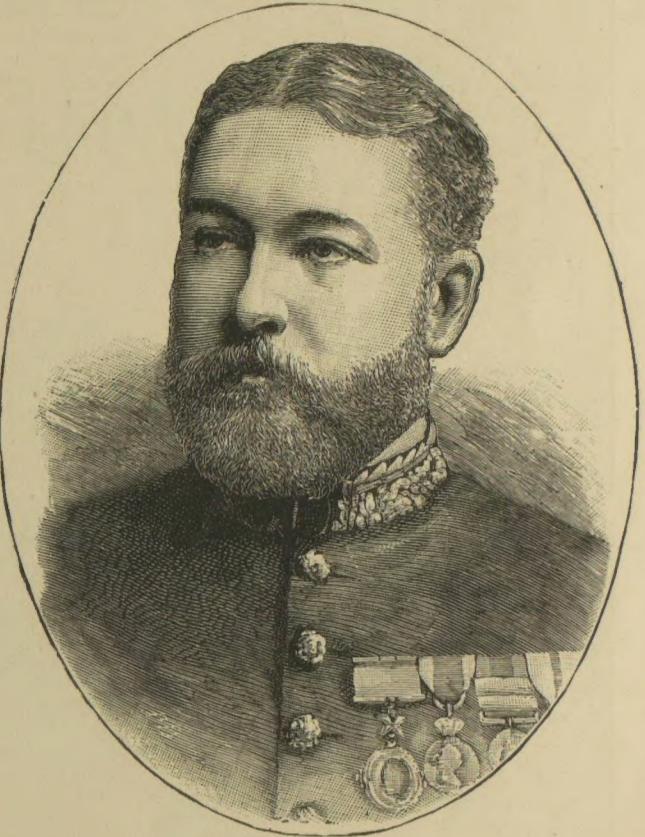
addressed to the Vizier; the Sultan

then sent for Sir C. Euan-Smith, and

invited him, with the other English,

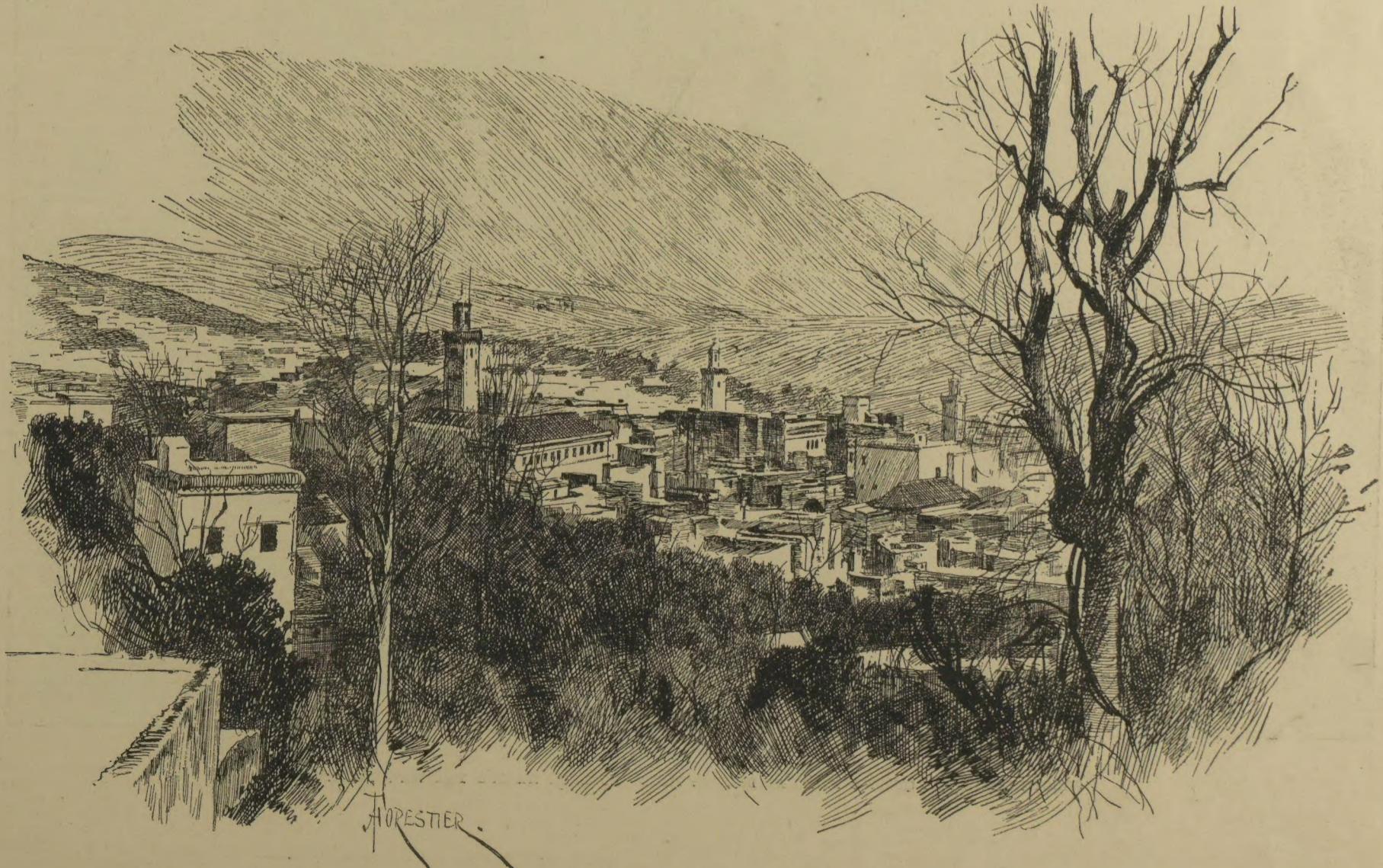
to come and stay in the palace, saying that he feared their lives were in danger. Sir C. Euan-Smith replied, "I may be killed, as you say; but if I am, there will be another British Minister at Fez within a month—and, mind this, in such a case there will be no Sultan at Fez." He then declared his mission ended, and proceeded, in spite of the Sultan's remonstrances, to

prepare for his return journey to Tangier. The train of horses and mules or camels, by which he had come up from the sea-coast, had been lent, as usual, by the Sultan, and these animals were now missing; they had suddenly been removed and concealed in another quarter of the city. After much inquiry and trouble they were recovered, and on July 12 Sir C.

SIR C. EUAN-SMITH, K.C.B.,
BRITISH ENVOY TO THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

Euan-Smith started on his return journey. In camp, on the evening of that day, he was overtaken by the Sultan's Minister of Foreign Affairs, with two special commissioners, offering to conclude a satisfactory treaty. The terms of this were discussed and arranged next day; but on the following night came a message from the Sultan cancelling the powers of his commissioners and finally rejecting the treaty. Nothing more could be done; the British Minister continued his journey and safely arrived at Tangier, whence he will probably soon come to England.

It has been conjectured that French influence, privately used, may have induced the Sultan to evade signing the treaty, but we are not aware of any French official act of express opposition.



FEZ: GENERAL VIEW FROM KAID MACLEAN'S TERRACE.



TAYLOR & CO.

SHOOTING FOR THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY: MAJOR POLLOCK MAKING THE WINNING HIT.



UMA;
OR
THE BEACH OF FALESÁ.
(BEING THE NARRATIVE OF A SOUTH-SEA TRADER)
BY
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

CHAPTER IV.

DEVIL-WORK.

Near a month went by without much doing. The same night of our marriage Galoshes called round, and made himself mighty civil, and got into a habit of dropping in about dark and smoking his pipe with the family. He could talk to Uma, of course, and started to teach me native and French at the same time. He was a kind old buffer, though the dirtiest you would wish to see, and he muddled me up with foreign languages worse than the Tower of Babel.

That was one employment we had, and it made me feel less lonesome; but there was no profit in the thing, for though the priest came and sat and yawned, none of his folks could be enticed into my store; and if it hadn't been for the other occupation I struck out, there wouldn't have been a pound of copra in the house. This was the idea: Fa'avao (Uma's mother) had a score of bearing trees. Of course we could get no labour, being all as good as tabooed, and the two women and I turned to and made copra with our own hands. It was copra to make your mouth water when it was done—I never understood how much the natives cheated me till I had made that four hundred pounds of my own hand—and it weighed so light I felt inclined to take and water it myself.

When we were at the job a good many Kanakas used to put in the best of the day looking on, and once that nigger turned up. He stood back with the natives and laughed and did the big don and the funny dog, till I began to get riled.

"Here, you nigger!" says I.

"I don't address myself to you, Sah," says the nigger. "Only speak to gen'le'um."

"I know," says I, "but it happens I was addressing myself to you, Mr. Black Jack. And all I want to know is just this: did you see Case's figure-head about a week ago?"

"No, Sah," says he.

"That's all right, then," says I; "for I'll show you the own brother to it, only black, in the inside of about two minutes."

And I began to walk towards him, quite slow, and my hands down; only there was trouble in my eye, if anybody took the pains to look.

"You're a low, obstropolous fellow, Sah," says he.

"You bet!" says I.

By that time he thought I was about as near as convenient, and lit out so it would have done your heart good to see him travel. And that was all I saw of that precious gang until what I am about to tell you.

It was one of my chief employments these days to go pot-hunting in the woods, which I found (as Case had told me) very rich in game. I have spoken of the cape which shut up the village and my station from the east. A path went about the end of it, and led into the next bay. A strong wind blew here daily, and as the line of the barrier reef stopped at the end of the cape, a heavy surf ran on the shores of the bay. A little clifftop hill cut the valley in two parts, and stood close on the beach; and at high water the sea broke right on the face of it, so that all passage was stopped. Woody mountains hemmed the place all round; the barrier to the east was particularly steep and leafy, the lower parts of it, along the sea, falling in sheer black cliffs streaked with cinnabar; the upper part lumpy with the tops of the great trees. Some of the trees were bright green, and some red, and the sand of the beach as black as your shoes. Many birds hovered round the bay, some

of them snow-white; and the flying fox (or vampire) flew there in broad daylight, gnashing its teeth.

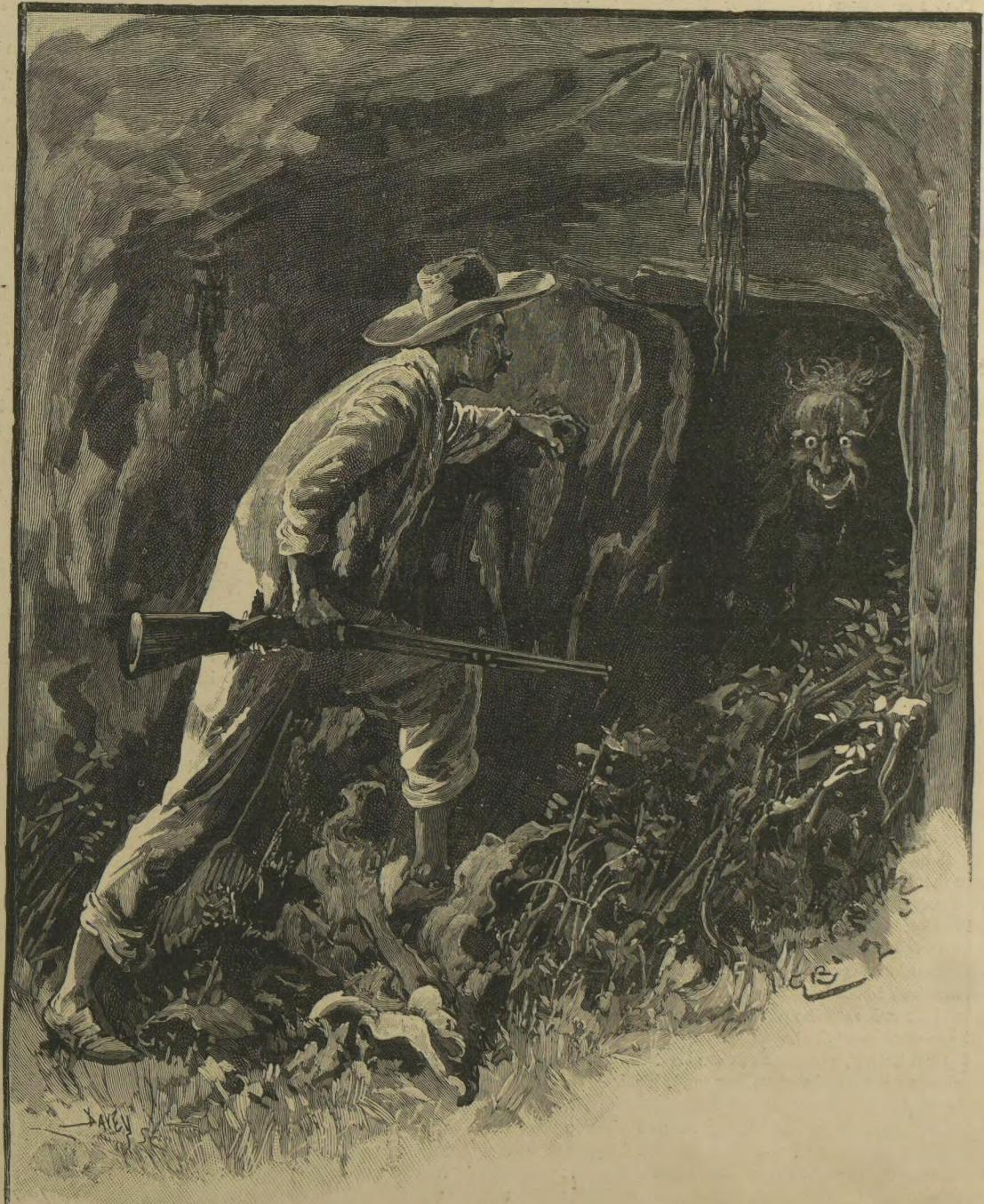
For a long while I came as far as this shoot-

ing, and went no farther. There was no sign of any path beyond, and the cocoa-palms in the front of the foot of the valley were the last this way. For the whole "eye" of the island, as natives call the windward end, lay desert. From Falesá round about to Papa-mālū there was neither house

nor man nor planted fruit-tree; and, the reef being mostly absent and the shores bluff, the sea beat direct among crags, and there was scarce a landing place.

I should tell you that after I began to go in the woods, although no one appeared to come near my store, I found people willing enough to pass the time of day with me where nobody could see them; and, as I had begun to pick up native, and most of them had a word or two of English, I began to hold little odds and ends of conversation, not to much purpose to be sure, but they took off the worst of the feeling, for it's a miserable thing to be made a leper of.

It chanced one day, towards the end of the month, that I was sitting in this bay in the edge of the bush, looking east, with a Kanaka. I had given him a fill of tobacco, and we were



Looking round the corner I saw a shining face. It was big and ugly, like a pantomime mask.

making out to talk as best we could; indeed, he had more English than most.

I asked him if there was no road going eastward.

"One time one road," said he. "Now he dead."

"Nobody he go there?" I asked.

"No good," said he. "Too much devil he stop there."

"Oho!" says I, "got-um plenty devil, that bush?"

"Man devil, woman devil; too much devil," said my friend. "Stop there all-e-time. Man he go there, no come back."

I thought if this fellow was so well posted on devils and spoke of them so free, which is not common, I had better fish for a little information about myself and Uma.

"You think me one devil?" I asked.

"No think devil," said he soothingly. "Think all-e-same fool."

"Uma, she devil?" I asked again.

"No, no; no devil. Devil stop bush," said the young man.

I was looking in front of me across the bay, and I saw the hanging front of the woods pushed suddenly open, and Case, with a gun in his hand, step forth into the sunshine on the black beach. He was got up in light pyjamas, near white, his gun sparkled, he looked mighty conspicuous; and the land-crabs scuttled from all round him to their holes.

"Hullo! my friend," says I, "you no talk all-e-same true. Ese he go, he come back."

"Ese no all-e-same; Ese Tiapolo," says my friend; and, with a "Good-bye," slunk off among the trees.

I watched Case all round the beach, where the tide was low; and let him pass me on the homeward way to Falesá. He was in deep thought, and the birds seemed to know it, trotting quite near him on the sand, or wheeling and calling in his ears. When he passed me I could see by the working of his lips that he was talking to himself, and, what pleased me mightily, he had still my trade-mark on his brow. I tell you the plain truth: I had a mind to give him a gunful in his ugly mug, but I thought better of it.

All this time, and all the time I was following home, I kept repeating that native word, which I remembered by "Polly, put the kettle on and make us all some tea," tea-a-pollo.

"Uma," says I, when I got back, "what does 'Tiapolo' mean?"

"Devil," says she.

"I thought *aitu* was the word for that," I said.

"*Aitu* 'nother kind of devil," said she; "stop bush, eat Kanaka. Tiapolo big-chief devil, stop home; all-e-same Christian devil."

"Well, then," said I, "I'm no farther forward. How can Case be Tiapolo?"

"No all-e-same," said she. "Ese belong Tiapolo; Tiapolo too much like; Ese all-e-same his son. Suppose Ese he wish something, Tiapolo he make him."

"That's mighty convenient for Ese," says I. "And what kind of things does he make for him?"

Well, out came a ringerole of all sorts of stories, many of which (like the dollar he pretended to take from Mr. Tarleton) were plain enough to me, but others I could make nothing of; and the thing that most surprised the Kanakas was what surprised me least—namely, that he would go in the desert among all the *aitus*. Some of the boldest, however, had accompanied him, and had heard him speak with the dead and give them orders, and, safe in his protection, had returned unscathed. Some said he had a church there, where he worshipped Tiapolo, and Tiapolo appeared to him; others swore that there was no sorcery at all, that he performed his miracles by the power of prayer, and the church was no church, but a prison, in which he had confined a dangerous *aitu*. Namu had been in the bush with him once, and returned glorifying God for these wonders. Altogether, I began to have a glimmer of the man's position, and the means by which he had acquired it, and, though I saw he was a tough nut to crack, I was noways cast down.

"Very well," said I, "I'll have a look at Master Case's place of worship myself, and we'll see about the glorifying."

At this Uma fell in a terrible taking: if I went in the high bush I should never return; none could go there but by the protection of Tiapolo.

"I'll chance it on God's," said I. "I'm a good sort of a fellow, Uma, as fellows go, and I guess God'll con me through."

She was silent for a while. "I think," said she, mighty solemn—and then, presently—"Victoreea, he big chief?"

"You bet!" said I.

"He like you too much?" she asked again.

I told her, with a grin, I believed the old lady was rather partial to me.

"All right," said she. "Victoreea he big chief, like you too much. No can help you here in Falesá; no can do—to far off. Maea he be small chief—stop here. Suppose he like you—make you all right. All-e-same God and Tiapolo. God be big chief—got too much work. Tiapolo he small chief—he like too much make-see, work very hard."

"I'll have to hand you over to Mr. Tarleton," said I. "Your theology's out of its bearings, Uma."

However, we stuck to this business all the evening, and, with the stories she told me of the desert and its dangers, she came near frightening herself into a fit. I don't remember half a quarter of them, of course, for I paid little heed; but two come back to me kind of clear.

About six miles up the coast there is a sheltered cove they call *Fanga-anaana*—"the haven full of caves." I've seen it from the sea myself, as near as I could get my boys to venture in; and it's a little strip of yellow sand, black cliffs overhang it, full of the black mouths of caves; great trees overhang the cliffs, and dangle-down lianas; and in one place, about the middle, a big brook pours over in a cascade. Well, there was a boat going by here, with six young men of Falesá, "all very pretty," Uma said, which was the loss of them. It blew strong, there was a heavy head sea, and by the time they opened *Fanga-anaana* and saw the white cascade and the shady beach, they were all tired and thirsty, and their water

had run out. One proposed to land and get a drink, and being reckless fellows, they were all of the same mind except the youngest. Lotu was his name; he was a very good young gentleman, and very wise; and he held out that they were crazy, telling them the place was given over to spirits and devils and the dead, and there were no living folk nearer than six miles the one way, and maybe twelve the other. But they laughed at his words, and, being five to one, pulled in, beached the boat, and landed. It was a wonderful pleasant place, Lotu said, and the water excellent. They walked round the beach, but could see nowhere any way to mount the cliffs, which made them easier in their mind; and at last they sat down to make a meal on the food they had brought with them. They were scarce set, when there came out of the mouth of one of the black caves six of the most beautiful ladies ever seen: they had flowers in their hair, and the most beautiful breasts, and necklaces of scarlet seeds; and began to jest with these young gentlemen, and the young gentlemen to jest back with them, all but Lotu. As for Lotu, he saw there could be no living woman in such a place, and ran, and flung himself in the bottom of the boat, and covered his face, and prayed. All the time the business lasted, Lotu made one clean break of prayer, and that was all he knew of it, until his friends came back, and made him sit up, and they put to sea again out of the bay, which was now quite desert, and no word of the six ladies. But, what frightened Lotu most, not one of the five remembered anything of what had passed, but they were all like drunken men, and sang and laughed in the boat, and skylarked. The wind freshened and came squally, and the sea rose extraordinary high; it was such weather as any man in the islands would have turned his back to and fled home to Falesá; but these five were like crazy folk, and cracked on all sail and drove their boat into the seas. Lotu went to the bailing; none of the others thought to help him, but sang and skylarked and carried on, and spoke singular things beyond a man's comprehension, and laughed out loud when they said them. So the rest of the day Lotu bailed for his life in the bottom of the boat, and was all drenched with sweat and cold sea-water; and none heeded him. Against all expectation, they came safe in a dreadful tempest to Papa-málulu, where the palms were singing out and the cocoanuts flying like cannon balls about the village green; and the same night the five young gentlemen sickened, and spoke never a reasonable word until they died.

"And do you mean to tell me you can swallow a yarn like that?" I asked.

She told me the thing was well known, and with handsome young men alone it was even common; but this was the only case where five had been slain the same day and in a company by the love of the women-devils; and it had made a great stir in the island, and she would be crazy if she doubted.

"Well, anyway," says I, "you needn't be frightened about me. I've no use for the women-devils. You're all the women I want, and all the devil too, old lady."

To this she answered there were other sorts, and she had seen one with her own eyes. She had gone one day alone to the next bay, and perhaps got too near the margin of the bad place. The boughs of the high bush overshadowed her from the kant of the hill, but she herself was outside on a flat place, very stony and growing full of young mummy-apples, four and five feet high. It was a dark day in the rainy season, and now there came squalls that tore off the leaves and sent them flying, and now it was all still as in a house. It was in one of these still times that a whole gang of birds and flying foxes came pegging out of the bush like creatures frightened. Presently after she heard a rustle nearer hand, and saw coming out of the margin of the trees among the mummy-apples the appearance of a lean grey old boar. It seemed to think as it came, like a person; and all of a sudden, as she looked at it coming, she was aware it was no boar but a thing that was a man with a man's thoughts. At that she ran, and the pig after her, and as the pig ran it hollaed aloud, so that the place rang with it.

"I wish I had been there with my gun," said I. "I guess that pig would have hollaed so as to surprise himself."

But she told me a gun was of no use with the like of these, which were the spirits of the dead.

Well, this kind of talk put in the evening, which was the best of it; but of course it didn't change my notion, and the next day with my gun and a good knife I set off upon a voyage of discovery. I made as near as I could for the place where I had seen Case come out; for if it was true he had some kind of establishment in the bush I reckoned I should find a path. The beginning of the desert was marked off by a wall, to call it so, for it was more of a long mound of stones. They say it reaches right across the island, but how they know it is another question, for I doubt if anyone has made the journey in a hundred years, the natives sticking chiefly to the sea and their little colonies along the coast; and that part being mortal high and steep and full of cliffs up to the west side of the wall, the ground has been cleared, and there are cocoa palms and mummy-apples and guavas, and lots of sensitive. Just across the bush begins outright; high bush at that, trees going up like the masts of ships, and ropes of liana hanging down like a ship's rigging, and nasty orchids growing in the forks like funguses. The ground where there was no underwood looked to be a heap of boulders. I saw many green pigeons which I might have shot, only I was there with a different idea. A number of butterflies flopped up and down along the ground like dead leaves; sometimes I would hear a bird calling, sometimes the wind overhead, and always the sea along the coast.

But the queerness of the place it's more difficult to tell of, unless to one who has been alone in the high bush himself. The brightest kind of a day it is always dim down there. A man can see to the end of nothing; whichever way he looks the wood shuts up, one bough folding with another like the fingers of your hand; and whenever he listens he hears always something new—men talking, children laughing, the strokes

of an axe far ahead of him, and sometimes a sort of a quick, stealthy scurry near at hand that makes him jump and look to his weapons. It's all very well for him to tell himself that he's alone, bar trees and birds; he can't make out to believe it; whichever way he turns, the whole place seems to be alive and looking on. Don't think it was Uma's yarns that put me out; I don't value native talk a fourpenny-piece; it's a thing that's natural in the bush, and that's the end of it.

As I got near the top of the hill, for the ground of the wood goes up in this place steep as a ladder, the wind began to sound straight on, and the leaves to toss and switch open and let in the sun. This suited me better; it was the same noise all the time, and nothing to startle. Well, I had got to a place where there was an underwood of what they call wild cocoanut—mighty pretty with its scarlet fruits—when there came a sound of singing in the wind that I thought I had never heard the like of. It was all very fine to tell myself it was the branches; I know better. It was all very fine to tell myself it was a bird; I know never a bird that sang like that. It rose and swelled and died away and swelled again; and now I thought it was like someone weeping, only prettier; and now I thought it was like harps; and there was one thing I made sure of, it was a sight too sweet to be wholesome in a place like that. You may laugh if you like; but I declare I called to mind the six young ladies that came, with their scarlet necklaces, out of the cave at *Fanga-anaana*, and wondered if they sang like that. We laugh at the natives and their superstitions; but see how many traders take them up, splendidly educated white men, that have been bookkeepers (some of them) and clerks in the old country. It's my belief a superstition grows up in a place like the different kind of weeds; and as I stood there and listened to that wailing I twittered in my shoes.

You may call me a coward to be frightened; I thought myself brave enough to go on ahead. But I went mighty carefully, with my gun cocked, spying all about me like a hunter, fully expecting to see a handsome young woman sitting somewhere in the bush, and fully determined (if I did) to try her with a charge of duck-shot. And sure enough, I had not gone far when I met with a queer thing. The wind came on the top of the wood in a strong puff, the leaves in front of me burst open, and I saw for a second something hanging in a tree. It was gone in a wink, the puff blowing by and the leaves closing. I tell you the truth: I had made up my mind to see an *aitu*; and if the thing had looked like a pig or a woman, it wouldn't have given me the same turn. The trouble was that it seemed kind of square, and the idea of a square thing that was alive and sang knocked me sick and silly. I must have stood quite a while; and I made pretty certain it was right out of the same tree that the singing came. Then I began to come to myself a bit.

"Well," says I, "if this is really so, if this is a place where there are square things that sing, I'm gone up anyway. Let's have my fun for my money."

But I thought I might as well take the off-chance of a prayer being any good; so I plumped on my knees and prayed out loud; and all the time I was praying the strange sounds came out of the tree, and went up and down, and changed, for all the world like music; only you could see it wasn't human—there was nothing there that you could whistle.

As soon as I had made an end in proper style, I laid down my gun, stuck my knife between my teeth, walked right up to that tree, and began to climb. I tell you my heart was like ice. But presently, as I went up, I caught another glimpse of the thing, and that relieved me, for I thought it seemed like a box; and when I had got right up to it I near fell out of the tree with laughing.

A box it was, sure enough, and a candle-box at that, with the brand upon the side of it; and it had banjo strings stretched so as to sound when the wind blew. I believe they call the thing a Tyrolean * harp, whatever that may mean.

"Well, Mr. Case," said I, "you've frightened me once. But I defy you to frighten me again," I says, and slipped down the tree, and set out again to find my enemy's head office, which I guessed would not be far away.

The undergrowth was thick in this part; I couldn't see before my nose, and must burst my way through by main force and ply the knife as I went, slicing the cords of the lianas and slashing down whole trees at a blow. I call them trees for the bigness, but in truth they were just big weeds, and sappy to cut through like carrot. From all this crowd and kind of vegetation, I was just thinking to myself, the place might have once been cleared, when I came on my nose over a pile of stones, and saw in a moment it was some kind of a work of man. The Lord knows when it was made or when deserted, for this part of the island has lain undisturbed since long before the whites came. A few steps beyond I hit into the path I had been always looking for. It was narrow, but well beaten, and I saw that Case had plenty of disciples. It seems, indeed it was, a piece of fashionable boldness to venture up here with the trader, and a young man scarce reckoned himself grown till he had got his breech tattooed, for one thing, and seen Case's devils for another. This is mighty like Kanakas; but, if you look at it another way, it's mighty like white folks too.

A bit along the path I was brought to a clear stand, and had to rub my eyes. There was a wall in front of me, the path passing it by a gap; it was tumble-down and plainly very old, but built of big stones very well laid; and there is no native alive to-day upon that island that could dream of such a piece of building! Along all the top of it was a line of queer figures, idols or scarecrows, or what not. They had carved and painted faces ugly to view; their eyes and teeth were of shell, their hair and their bright clothes blew in the wind, and some of them worked with the tugging. There are islands up west where they make these kind of figures till to-day; but

if ever they were made in this island the practice and the very recollection of it are now long forgotten. And the singular thing was that all these bogies were as fresh as toys out of a shop.

Then it came in my mind that Case had let out to me the first day, that he was a good forger of island curiosities—a thing by which so many traders turn an honest penny. And with that I saw the whole business, and how this display served the man a double purpose: first of all, to season his curiosities, and then to frighten those that came to visit him.

But I should tell you (what made the thing more curious) that all the time the Tyrolean harps were harping round me in the trees, and even while I looked, a green-and-yellow bird (that, I suppose, was building) began to tear the hair off the head of one of the figures.

A little farther on I found the best curiosity of the museum. The first I saw of it was a longish mound of earth with a twist to it. Digging off the earth with my hands, I found underneath tarpaulin stretched on boards, so that this was plainly the roof of a cellar. It stood right on the top of the hill, and the entrance was on the far side, between two rocks, like the entrance to a cave. I went as far in as the bend, and, looking round the corner, saw a shining face. It was big and ugly,

passed without a word, each keeping the tail of his eye on the other; and no sooner had we passed, that we each wheeled round like fellows drilling and stood face to face. We had each taken the same notion in his head, you see, that the other fellow might give him the load of his gun in the stern.

"You've shot nothing," says Case.

"I'm not on the shoot to-day," said I.

"Well, the devil go with you for me," says he.

"The same to you," says I.

But we stuck just the way we were; no fear of either of us moving.

Case laughed. "We can't stop here all day, though," said he.

"Don't let me detain you," says I.

He laughed again. "Look here, Wiltshire, do you think me a fool?" he asked.

"More of a knave, if you want to know," says I.

"Well, do you think it would better me to shoot you here, on this open beach?" said he. "Because I don't. Folks come fishing every day. There may be a score of them up the valley now, making copra; there might be half a dozen on the hill behind you, after pigeons; they might be watching us this minute, and I shouldn't wonder. I give you my word I don't

lit out for cover as lively as you would want to see, and went the rest of the way home under the bush, for I didn't trust him sixpence' worth. One thing I saw. I had been ass enough to give him warning, and that which I meant to do I must do at once.

You would think I had had about enough excitement for one morning, but there was another turn waiting me. As soon as I got far enough round the cape to see my house, I made out there were strangers there; a little farther, and no doubt about it. There was a couple of armed sentinels squatting at my door. I could only suppose the trouble about Uma must have come to a head, and the station been seized. For aught I could think, Uma was taken up already, and these armed men were waiting to do the like with me.

However, as I came nearer, which I did at top speed, I saw there was a third native sitting on the verandah like a guest, and Uma was talking with him like a hostess. Nearer still I made out it was the big young chief, Maea, and that he was smiling away and smoking. And what was he smoking? None of your European cigarettes fit for a cat, not even the genuine big, knock-me-down native article that a fellow can really put in the time with if his pipe is broke—but a cigar, and one of my Mexicans at that, that I could swear to. At



We each wheeled round, and stood face to face.

like a pantomime mask, and the brightness of it waxed and dwindled, and at times it smoked.

"Oho!" says I, "luminous paint!"

And I must say I rather admired the man's ingenuity. With a box of tools and a few mighty simple contrivances he had made out to have a devil of a temple. Any poor Kanaka brought up here in the dark, with the harps whining all round him, and shown that smoking face in the bottom of a hole, would make no kind of doubt but he had seen and heard enough devils for a lifetime. It's easy to find out what Kanakas think. Just go back to yourself anyway round from ten to fifteen years old, and there's an average Kanaka. There are some pious, just as there are pious boys; and the most of them, like the boys again, are middling honest and yet think it rather larks to steal, and are easy scared and rather like to be so. I remember a boy I was at school with at home who played the Case business. He didn't know anything, that boy; he couldn't do anything; he had no luminous paint and no Tyrolean harps; he just boldly said he was a sorcerer, and frightened us out of our boots, and we loved it. And then it came in my mind how the master had once flogged that boy, and the surprise we were all in to see the sorcerer catch it and hum like anybody else. Thinks I to myself, "I must find some way of fixing it so for Master Case." And the next moment I had my idea.

I went back by the path, which, when once you had found it, was quite plain and easy walking; and when I stepped out on the black sands, who should I see but Master Case himself? I cocked my gun and held it handy; and we marched up and

want to shoot you. Why should I? You don't hinder me any. You haven't got one pound of copra but what you made with your own hands, like a negro slave. You're vegetating—that's what I call it—and I don't care where you vegetate, nor yet how long. Give me your word you don't mean to shoot me, and I'll give you a lead and walk away."

"Well," said I, "you're frank and pleasant, ain't you? And I'll be the same. I don't mean to shoot you to-day. Why should I? This business is beginning; it ain't done yet, Mr. Case. I've given you one turn already; I can see the marks of my knuckles on your head to this blooming hour, and I've more cooking for you. I'm not a paralytic, like Underhill. My name ain't Adams, and it ain't Vigours; and I mean to show you that you've met your match."

"This is a silly way to talk," said he. "This is not the talk to make me move on with."

"All right," said I, "stay where you are. I ain't in any hurry, and you know it. I can put in the day on this beach and never mind. I ain't got any copra to bother with. I ain't got any luminous paint to see to."

I was sorry I said that last, but it whipped out before I knew. I could see it took the wind out of his sails, and he stood and stared at me with his brow drawn up. Then I suppose he made up his mind he must get to the bottom of this.

"I take you at your word," says he, and turned his back, and walked right into the devils' bush.

I let him go, of course, for I had passed my word. But I watched him as long as he was in sight, and after he was gone

sight of this my heart started beating, and I took a wild hope in my head that the trouble was over, and Maea had come round.

Uma pointed me out to him as I came up, and he met me at the head of my own stairs like a thorough gentleman.

"Vilivili," said he, which was the best they could make of my name, "I pleased."

There is no doubt when an island chief wants to be civil he can do it. I saw the way things were from the word go. There was no call for Uma to say to me: "He no 'fraid Esc now, come bring copra." I tell you I shook hands with that Kanaka like as if he was the best white man in Europe.

The fact was, Case and he had got after the same girl, or Maea suspected it, and concluded to make hay of the trader on the chance. He had dressed himself up, got a couple of his retainers cleaned and armed to kind of make the thing more public, and, just waiting till Case was clear of the village, came round to put the whole of his business my way. He was rich as well as powerful. I suppose that man was worth fifty thousand nuts per annum. I gave him the price of the beach and a quarter cent better, and as for credit, I would have advanced him the inside of the store and the fittings besides, I was so pleased to see him. I must say he bought like a gentleman: rice and tins and biscuits enough for a week's feast, and stuffs by the bolt. He was agreeable besides: he had plenty fun to him; and we cracked jests together, mostly through Uma for interpreter, because he had mighty little English, and my native was still off colour. One thing I made out: he could never really have thought much harm of Uma;

he could never have been really frightened, and must just have made belief from dogginess, and because he thought Case had a strong pull in the village and could help him on.

This set me thinking that both he and I were in a tightish place. What he had done was to fly in the face of the whole village, and the thing might cost him his authority. More than that, after my talk with Case on the beach, I thought it might very well cost me my life. Case had as good as said he would pot me if ever I got my copra; he would come home to find the best business in the village had changed hands, and the best thing I thought I could do was to get in first with the potting.

"See here, Uma," says I, "tell him I'm sorry. I made him wait, but I was up looking at Case's Tiapolo store in the bush."

"He want savvy if you no 'fraid?" translated Uma.

I laughed out. "Not much!" says I. "Tell him the place is a blooming toy-shop! Tell him in England we give these things to the kid to play with."

"He want savvy if you hear devil sing?" she asked next.

"Look here," I said, "I can't do it now because I've got no banjo-strings in stock; but the next time the ship comes

ART NOTES.

The "arms of France," concerning which Don Carlos of Bourbon shows so much solicitude, have been the subject of frequent dispute and misunderstanding. The old heralds held that the reigning kings of France only were entitled to bear on their arms the fleurs-de-lys without any "difference." Under this ruling Don Carlos' letter to the Comte de Paris was founded upon complete ignorance of the laws of heraldry. The Bourbon arms for members of the family not on the throne are "the arms of France with a bâton gules, 'pâri en bande'"—in other words, placed diagonally between the three fleurs-de-lys. The Orleans' have always borne the arms of France, differenced by a label argent placed at the top of the shield. Each branch of the royal family of France had its special difference, and Don Carlos of Spain had no more peculiar right (or wrong) to bear them without a distinctive mark than his cousin of Orleans. The fleur-de-lys, it should be mentioned, is not a flower, and was never so conceived, and was first officially recognised at the coronation of Philip Augustus, whose son, Louis VII., was surnamed

painted, has been lost, is in his latest style, and shows in a marked manner the influence of Rubens.

The twenty portraits bequeathed by Lady Hamilton, widow of Sir James Hamilton, of Woodbrook, would, perhaps, find a more suitable resting-place in the National Portrait Gallery. They were brought together by the lady's father, Major-General Sir James Cockburn, who was Under-Secretary of State in 1806, and afterwards Governor of the Bermudas. Quite the most beautiful of these portraits is that of Lady Cockburn and her children, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted in 1773, and "when brought into the exhibition to be hung, all the painters present clapped their hands in salutation of its power." It was subsequently engraved under the title of "Cornelia and her Children," and was seen some years ago at one of the winter exhibitions at Burlington House.

The portrait of Mrs. Siddons, which is ascribed to the same year, and dated, shows the actress in a very different light to that in which she appeared fifteen years later in "The Tragic Muse," and from the fact that there is no mention of her name among those who sat to Reynolds during that year it has been surmised that the present portrait must have been an imaginative work, and of a later period, for



"After the battle of Marston Moor, Cromwell proposed to spend the night at Ripley Castle. In the absence of Sir William Ingelby, his lady at first refused to admit the victorious general. On his insisting, she received him at the lodge gate with a pair of pistols in her belt, and, leading the way to the hall, sat opposite him, pistols in hand, all through the night, jealous of his intentions."—Record found in the old tower of Ripley Castle.

"CROMWELL AT RIPLEY CASTLE."—BY RUDOLF LEHMANN.

IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

Ludovicus Florus, who had introduced the Flor de Loys into the ornamentation of public buildings and state ceremonies.

As the time for the completion of the National Portrait Gallery draws near, the more obvious becomes the want of judgment in the selection of its site. The National Gallery, which only the other day was arranged in a manner which enabled its priceless treasures to be seen to advantage, is now being rapidly overcrowded, and in a short time the trustees will be forced to appeal to the public to make no more bequests to our national collection, for the reason that the nation will not honour them or even house them. The four pictures bequeathed by the late Sir William Gregory have indeed found a place, but at the expense of several others of almost equal merit. The most important of the Gregory bequest is undoubtedly the "Adoration of the Shepherds," by Girolamo Savoldo, a master of the Brescian school, hitherto represented in our gallery by a very interesting picture, "Mary Magdalene approaching the Sepulchre," which was originally in the Casa Fenaroli at Brescia, and was purchased in 1878.

The two examples of Velasquez, which come from the same source, will not take rank among the great works of the Spanish painter, but they are both interesting as illustrative of two periods of his career. "Christ in the Home of Martha" was probably painted in quite early days, before Velasquez had become famous and fashionable; while the "Duel in the Prado," although only a sketch for a picture, which, if ever

Mrs. Siddons's first appearance before a London audience was not until Dec. 29, 1775, when she appeared in the part of Emily, a sentimental young lady, in Mrs. Cowley's comedy "The Runaway." She was then only twenty, so that, if the date on Reynolds's picture be correct, she could only have been eighteen when the portrait was painted, and the question arises, where could he have seen her? for there is no record of Sir Joshua having been at Cheltenham or at Bath when Mrs. Siddons had made her first appearance. Perhaps when Sir F. Burton includes this picture in his next edition of his catalogue he will clear up the mystery which attaches to the hem of the great tragedienne's garment.

The Horticultural Exhibition is not the place where one would naturally expect to find pictures; but a Belgian society has organised a show, which well deserves the notice of any visitor to Earl's Court. Contemporary Belgian art is in a somewhat fluid state, and it is difficult to foresee whether French or German influence will in the end be predominant. M. Herman Richir is, perhaps, one of the cleverest of the younger portrait painters, and his "Fantaisie" bears evidence of a study of Whistler. Among the landscapists, Baron, Graberts, Musin, and Boulenger contribute interesting work. Water-colour art is best represented by Binje, Stacquet, and Paul Thénon—the last-named being especially happy in his sea and coast scenes. It is, however, the sculpture which shows the greatest sign of individual talent and independent thought.

round I'll have one of these same contraptions right here in my verandah, and he can see for himself how much devil there is to it. Tell him, as soon as I can get the strings, I'll make one for his picanninnes. The name of the concern is a Tyrolean harp; and you can tell him the name means in English that nobody but dam-fools give a cent for it."

This time he was so pleased he had to try his English again. "You talk true?" says he.

"Rather!" said I. "Talk all-e-same Bible. Bring out a Bible here, Uma, if you've got such a thing, and I'll kiss it. Or, I'll tell you what's better still," says I, taking a header, "ask him if he's afraid to go up there himself by day."

It appeared he wasn't; he could venture as far as that by day and in company.

"That's the ticket, then!" said I. "Tell him the man's a fraud and the place foolishness, and if he'll go up there to-morrow he'll see all that's left of it. But tell him this, Uma, and mind he understands it: If he gets talking it's bound to come to Case, and I'm a dead man! I'm playing his game, tell him, and if he says one word my blood will be at his door and be the damnation of him here and after."

She told him, and he shook hands with me up to the hilt, and, says he: "No talk. Go up to-morrow. You my friend?"

"No, Sir," says I, "no such foolishness. I've come here to trade, tell him, and not to make friends. But, as to Case, I'll send that man to glory!"

So off Maea went, pretty well pleased, as I could see.

(To be continued.)



"HIS LOVE LETTER."



BERLIN

T^o BUDAPEST ON A BICYCLE.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

VIII.

Eger is so close to the frontier that we put down to German influence all its good qualities—its picturesque church and market-square, its delightful hotel, its decent landlord, who told us where to find cheap quarters in Baireuth. The nearer we came to the Holy of Holies, the more we heard of the impossibility of getting tickets and of the iniquity of extortionate hotel-keepers; but now that it was within a day's ride it would have been folly to turn back, and we started out the next morning without waiting for the *Schützen Fest*—have we not at home seen the same celebration, which means hundreds of men in soft hats and feathers and green badges, marching to the noise of the brassiest of brass bands?

A short run through pastoral country, with pretty villages standing in the midst of trees on the banks of little streams, brought us to the frontier. The Customs officers, who had let us ride into Bohemia without a question, would not let us ride out of it before they had found out where we were going, and what we had in our knapsacks, and what our business there was, anyway. But when, a little farther on, we passed the first blue-and-white pole of Bavaria and reached the first Bavarian village, though the inevitable German soldier was wandering about with his rifle, no one stopped us, no one asked us a question, until we had stood so long on the pretty bridge facing the Custom House that curiosity brought one of the officers over to have a look at our machines. He was more interested in us as cyclists than as presumable smugglers, and there was no pretence of examining anything. And yet, when you are travelling across their frontier with a through ticket to London and your trunks registered to Charing Cross, these same Customs people will wake you up brutally in the dead hour of the night and insist on going through every piece of your luggage separately!

My note-book record in Bavaria, as in Bohemia, is of hills and beer, of clouds and rain. But, though the main conditions were the same, they differed in detail. The rich mass of the pines and firs under the fine grey skies, the colour of the distant black hills, the graceful birch-trees by the wayside, were a strong contrast to bare Bohemian stretches and to cherry-lined highways. There were fewer people, too, in the fields and in the road; we had escaped the endless procession of peasants, and now again the women wore bodices. And what could have been more unlike the clear, amber Pilsener than the dark, molasses-tinged beer which we drank in the little inn of Thiersheim? where Bavarian royalties, instead of their Austrian cousins, looked down from amid the great deer-antlers decorating the walls.

By this time we were in the Fichtelgebirge, the mountains in which lies the "little out-of-the-way town of Baireuth," as Wagnerites love to call it, though it is surrounded by many of the most popular summer resorts in Southern Germany, and though it is easily reached by railroad from Nuremberg, and though it is a huge, big, busy, flourishing place in itself. The landlord wanted us to go by way of Wunsiedel, for the

Français," a compliment, surely, from a German. But when J— spoke to him in that language, his answer was, "I speak English," and this effort exhausted his accomplishments.

The hills of Bavaria are less persistent and more reasonable than those of Bohemia. They do not go up and down out of sheer contrariness. When they were too steep for us to coast, or for the exhausted cyclists we met to climb, at least they led to something besides hills. For at the bottom we found pretty, narrow green valleys, winding with the mountain streams, and towns full of hotels, and tourists, and waiters in dress-coats. Nor did the rain fall at intervals all day, as in Bohemia; it reserved its forces until we were at the top of the last and worst hill of all, with Baireuth rising from the plain far below and beyond. Then came the deluge, and we were drenched to the skin long before we had walked—there was no riding—to the foot.

On the long, straight stretch of poplar-lined road across the plain J— made the pace. I followed close behind, and we fairly flew, our macintoshes flapping in the wind and rivers pouring from our hats. Now that I look back, it seems a glorious ride, but at the time I thought it misery. I loathed the rain at all hours. But in the morning, when there was a chance of the sun coming out later and drying me, I could endure it. In the afternoon, when it meant to arrive damp and dripping in a large town or at a big hotel—why, then it was wholly and entirely unbearable. It takes a William Morris heroine—a prehistoric Amazon—to keep up an appearance with the water trickling from her hair and her garments clinging to her lithe form. I am not inordinately vain, but I do not enjoy being an object of derision for gods and men.

The suburbs of Baireuth were more endless than that bit of road—dreary suburbs, full of dreary houses and grinning children. And the most provoking part of it all was that throughout J— remained a very Mark Tapley, and refused to be unhappy. But I amiably brought his pleasure to an end, and gave him a bad quarter of a minute by leaving my safety to its own devices, as in those first days, and letting it carry me straight across a gutter and deposit me on the damp brick sidewalk. This had the unexpected result of putting me in a good humour, probably because for the first time J—'s temper was ruffled. "What possessed you to do such a stupid thing?" was all the sympathy he offered. After this, we walked the rest of the way.

The cheap quarters recommended by our Eger landlord looked dismal. We had been roughing it enough all day to want now to be comfortable, and so we went instead to the first large hotel we came to, where we were not turned away, not made to pay for all the months when no one comes to Baireuth, as we had expected, but were given a delightful front room looking over to a row of little houses, with Cook's tourists, posing as Wagnerites, leaning from every cushioned window and watching more Cook's tourists wandering sadly under umbrellas in the street below. And at once the head waiter offered us tickets for any and every Wagner performance at a good round sum.

Baireuth is a capital place to go to when you want to meet friends. Before we had begun our supper we found one among the medley of Italians, Germans, English, and Americans at the long tables, and after supper he took us to the Bierkeller where Wagner used to go of an evening and drink beer and smoke a pipe, just like an ordinary mortal—only it was not a cellar at all, but a garret. It was jolly enough, however; trees in tubs were in the street in front, then there was a long tunnel-like entrance with mud floor, tables on one side, on the other, doors opening into vaulted rooms, and at the far end, a rickety flight of wooden steps which led up to a large square room, the walls covered with prints and plates, and beer-mugs on shelves—in a word, a provincial *Chat Noir*.

There was to be no performance until "Parsifal" on Sunday, so that we had all day Saturday to dispose of. We spent a good deal of it going to the Bank, where tickets were sold—hardly out of disinterested Wagnerism. I fancy—and where a superior young man, with blonde hair and excellent English, patronised us to such an unwarrantable extent that we felt like closing a bargain with the waiter on the spot. But, then, tickets cost less at the Bank.

People who had theirs already seemed to have more trouble than we in putting in time. They lounged in front of the stationer's opposite the hotel, where they were chiefly musical geniuses with long hair and soft hats. They stared by the hour in the shop-windows at the photographs of Siegfried and Parsifal, of Kundry and Venus, of the Master himself—side face, full face, three-quarters face—and at that monstrous cheap red glass goblet which looked as if it came from Birmingham, but which flaunting placards called the Holy Grail in "purpuras und metalfuss." They drove to the cemetery where Liszt is buried. They peered through the gates at Wagner's house. They ate enormous table d'hôte dinners.

But in the afternoon there was a great stir in the place. Fresh tourists and trunks arrived every few minutes, and were deposited at every door. At supper time our dining-room was crowded to overflowing and suffocation. And in the crowd at the head of one table sat Mark Twain, leading his expedition, studying his *Meisterschaft* system on the spot, prepared to "go grailing" on the morrow, and looking very miserable withal!

I am glad we saw him there. But for that we might wonder if he had ever been to Baireuth, so different were his impressions from ours. We can answer for the rain that Saturday afternoon when he arrived; it rained everywhere and every day in Germany last summer. But that "grand and lovely" building on high ground outside the town—where did he see it? Could he have meant the big, brick, barn-like Opera House, almost perfect inside, to be sure, but outside ugly, bare, a blot upon the landscape, despite its commanding position in the plain, which to architect of old would in itself have been an inspiration. And that "bewilderingly beautiful scenery" that intoxicated the eye in "Parsifal"? Did he sleep through the performance and dream poet's dreams, while we, awake and open-eyed, longed for the curtain to fall and hide architecture out of perspective and garden that

might have been transported from a Surrey pantomime?—Sir Augustus Harris, surely, would never have been guilty of such glaring gaudiness. And where was he in the intermission between the acts that he saw but one eating-house at the door of the Wagner Temple, people eating only at the tables which they had secured beforehand? We can answer for having eaten sandwiches at one restaurant, cake at a second, and for having taken active part in a raid upon buffets set up all around the larger of the two, that suggested nothing but the descent of a horde of hungry travellers given five minutes for refreshments at a railway station. And that "pretty feature," the musical call? Did he really look at the trumpeters in hats of every shape and stage of shabbiness, their umbrellas under their arms as they blew their blast, and not laugh?

Of course he laughed—he was laughing all the time. He would not have been Mark Twain, our great American humorist, if he had not. And that is what makes those three recent articles of his about Baireuth so deliciously funny. They are a huge joke—ha, ha! It is true that it is not easy at first to see the point. In fact, you might take it seriously—ha, ha, ha!—when you read of the chief



A BAVARIAN VILLAGE.

virtue in song, the melody, air, tune, rhythm—ha, ha!—and the music that makes you drunk with pleasure—ha, ha, ha!—if you did not know—ha, ha!—that it was Mark Twain—ha, ha, ha! Then the humour of it is exquisite—ha, ha!—only to be equalled by the "Jumping Frog" or the handwriting of Christopher Columbus—ha, ha! Mark Twain as a critic of music! Are you not dying of laughter?

And yet I have heard some helplessly dense people say that in these articles Mark Twain had tried to be serious, and was not funny at all. And this is the best joke of all—ha, ha, ha, ha!

The President of the United States of America has appointed Oct. 21 this year to be a general holiday, as it is the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. The Pope has addressed an encyclical letter to the Italian, Spanish, and American Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church directing mass to be specially celebrated on Oct. 12, in memory of that great event.

For the August Bank Holiday the Brighton and South-Coast Railway announce that the availability of the special cheap Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday tickets to the seaside will be extended to Wednesday, Aug. 3. On Saturday a fourteen-day excursion to Paris, by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day express service, and also by the fixed night express service on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, July 29 to Aug. 3, inclusive. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight and to Dieppe. On Bank Holiday, Monday, Aug. 1, day trips, at special excursion fares, will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments extra trains will be run to and from London as required by the traffic. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices—28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria. Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at Cook's Offices, Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road; Gaze and Son, 142, Strand, and Westbourne Grove; Hays's, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Meyers's Offices, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road; and Jakins's Offices, 6, Camden Road, 96, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate; also at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.



HOTEL OF THE POST AT WEISSENSTADT.

sake of some of the most marvellous scenery—such mountains, such valleys, such cliffs!—no adjectives were good enough for them.

I suppose we should have taken his advice, for the town was the birthplace of Jean Paul, and hero-worship, now we were bound for Baireuth, seemed eminently in our line; but the road to Weissenstadt was far better, and when it comes to a question between hero-worshipping and easy riding, a cyclist never hesitates. At Weissenstadt there was a jolly old inn of the Post, with, outside, a huge and effective wrought-iron-work sign; inside, a couple of women commercials, and a friendly man at a near table, who leaned over and said to us, "Je parle

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The question of the day among Churchmen is whether the labourers have risen against the country clergy. On the whole, a moderate and sensible conclusion seems to be that the revolt has not as yet taken place. Yet there are signs that it may come, and the *Guardian's* advice is, in the circumstances, very wise: "The temptations to which the rural parson is specially open should in these times be carefully guarded against. He is too often inclined to underrate the intelligence of the agricultural labourer. For our part, we believe the feeling to be completely mistaken. It is not the labourer's intelligence that is at fault, but his knowledge. But whether it be mistaken or not, it is out of place. It is no longer possible to despise a man who possesses a vote." One is tempted to add that, vote or no vote, there are excellent reasons why the clergy should despise no man.

The Church Defence spokesmen express their disappoint-

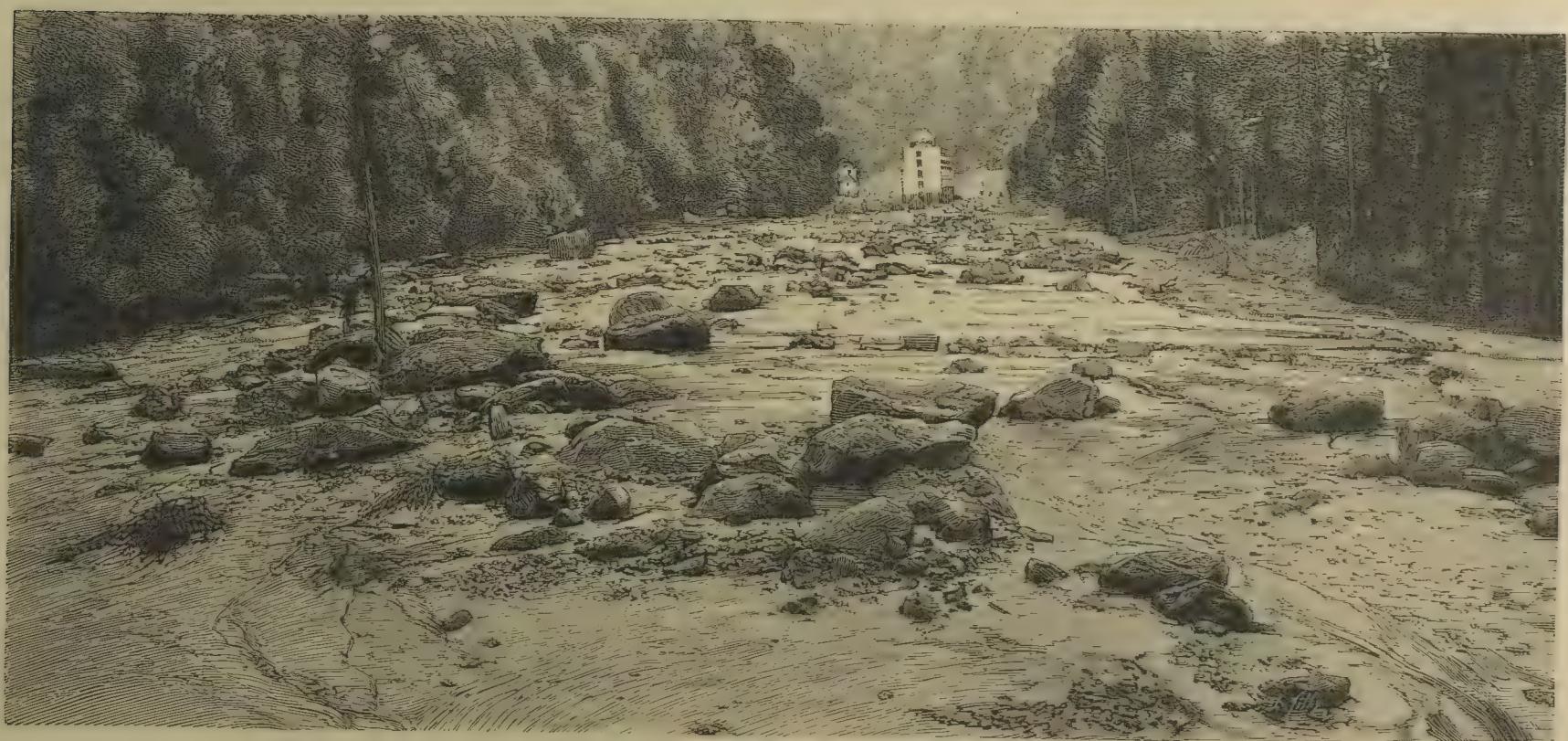
work together in a friendly spirit. The Conference also appointed an official editor, and chose the Rev. W. L. Watson, also a conservative theologically and ecclesiastically. It is doubtful, however, whether the question of conservatism versus liberalism had anything to do with the election.

A charming biographical paper on the illustrious Dutch Biblical critic, Professor Kuenen, appears in the July *Jewish Quarterly Review*. The writer is Mr. Wicksteed, who studied under Kuenen, and reveres his memory. The account of the great scholar's childhood is amusing. He was remarkably tall and thin, and made an ideal figure for dressing up in charades. A lady remembers being told by his sisters that she would find their "little brother" at home, and was introduced to a boy as tall and thin as a lamp-post, with his arms and legs shooting out like the new wood of a tree far beyond the bark of sleeves and trousers. On one occasion, when particularly anxious to do honour to the wedding feast of one of

classes, is Renaissance and Reformation history in all its aspects. The lectures will therefore form a continuation of those given at the summer meeting last year, when mediaval history and life was the special subject of study. The inaugural lecture, which forms the introduction to the first part of the meeting, lasting from July 29 to Aug. 9, is delivered by Mr. John Addington Symonds, who has devoted his life to the study of the Renaissance. Mr. Walter Pater and Mr. T. G. Jackson, A.R.A., treat of the artistic side of the movement, the former lecturing on Raffaello, the latter on the Renaissance in England, and especially in Oxford. The literature and literary history of the sixteenth century naturally offer, perhaps, the most attractive list of lectures. The names of Professor Dowden, who will lecture on Elizabethan romance, Mr. Brandram, Mr. R. G. Moulton, Mr. Sidney Lee, and Mr. Churton Collins are sufficient guarantees to the student that the subject will be ably and adequately dealt with. Lectures are given on the history of the fifteenth and



CARDENS OF THE BATHING ESTABLISHMENT BEFORE THE FLOOR.



GARDENS OF THE BATHING ESTABLISHMENT AFTER THE FLOOD

THE DISASTER AT ST. GERVAIS, IN SAVOY, NEAR MONT BLANC.

ment at the result of the Welsh elections, complaining especially that some Unionists are saying that they must throw over the Church if they are to win.

The remarkable article in the *Quarterly Review* on Dis-establishment deals boldly with the argument drawn from the early poverty of the Church. "No words of St. Paul give the slightest intimation that he would have refused temporal aid in the propagation of the gospel." Again, urges the reviewer, "in the person of our Lord, and to a lesser degree in the apostles, were combined an infinite command of natural resources and an infinite unwillingness to use them for selfish purposes. The Church stands in her right relation as mother when she is endowed with material wealth and animated by the Divine spirit of self-denial which bids her ministers utilise their resources for the welfare of humanity." This is, at all events, freshly and boldly put.

The Rev. Dr. Rigg has been reappointed President of the Wesleyan Conference. Dr. Rigg, who was the friend of Kingsley and Matthew Arnold, and is a man of considerable culture, represents the liberal conservative side of Methodism, and his promotion shows that men of all parties are willing to

His cousins, Kuenen persuaded his mother to stuff him with cushions in order to bring his breadth into better accordance with his height.

with his height !

Among the last books Kuenen read and annotated was Professor Cheyne's famous Bampton lectures on the Psalms. While the general drift of his opinion was towards bringing down the Psalms to a comparatively late date, it is noted that "he still rejected the extremest views, and occupied a middle position." In this connection it may be observed that his last notes on Psalm xvi. admit that it contains at least a presentiment of immortality. ^v

OXFORD UNIVERSITY EXTENSION
SUMMER MEETING

Following the plan so successfully carried out last year, the programme of the fifth summer meeting of the Oxford University Extension students, held in Oxford during the month of August, deals almost entirely with one special period of history, literature, and art. The main subject, which is to give unity and cohesion to the numerous lectures and

sixteenth centuries by Mr. Armstrong, Fellow of Queen's College; by Mr. Hassall and Mr. York Powell, students of Christ Church; by Mr. Wells, Fellow of Wadham College; and by Mr. Madan, University Reader in Palaeography; while the University Extension lecturers will be represented by the Rev. W. Hudson Shaw, Mr. Mackinder, Mr. Marriott, and others. Regular courses of instruction in botany, geology, chemistry, and biology are given during the second part of the meeting, which lasts from Aug. 10 to Aug. 27; and during the first part Professor Burdon Sanderson and Mr. Arthur Berry, secretary to the Cambridge syndicate for local lectures, are to lecture, the one on protoplasm and organism, the other on the sun. In addition to the special courses of scientific study, there will be classes in English history, literature, ancient art, and kindred subjects, which will be taken by Professor Percy Gardner, Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, Mr. Marriott, and Mr. Boas; and Mr. Churton Collins will deliver twelve lectures on the "Alcestis" and Mr. Burd on the "Prince of Machiavelli." Two extension lecturers from the United States also take part in the work of the meeting. Mr. Rolfe will lecture on American literature and Mr. Dorine on economics.



A MEET OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB: ON THE WAY TO RICHMOND.

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

Some remarks on those insidious and dangerous products of modern civilisation, the private "detective" agencies, appeared in this column a week or two since. What prompted them—the remarks, that is to say—was a charge against one of the spies of a certain agency that she had wormed herself into the confidence of a woman against whom divorce proceedings were contemplated, had made herself this woman's house-companion and familiar, and in that capacity had robbed her, among other injuries. It now appears that no sufficient evidence of robbery could be adduced, and the prisoner was discharged. No doubt that was all right; but it is to be observed that the prisoner was defended, and that she defended herself, on grounds of an intolerable character. According to the newspaper report of the case, the prisoner's counsel "urged that her actions should not be gauged from an ordinary standpoint, as she was admittedly engaged in a secret investigation and working in the interests of an employer." So far, the female detective's counsel: when it was pointed out to the lady herself that she had told one story in court and another to the police-sergeant who arrested her, she said "the answer to that was that she did not want to reveal too much about the case to the police officer." What the magistrate thought of the counsel's defence and the prisoner's plea in excuse does not appear. But it is impossible to suppose that he allowed validity to either, and if he neglected to point out their grossness it is a pity. The assumption seems to have been that in hiring himself out to the proprietor of a private inquiry-office a man becomes an officer of the law, a licensed servitor of justice, or is, in some other way, entitled to consideration and privilege. No such assumption should be tolerated for a moment. It may be granted that the actions of a private-inquiry spy, "admittedly engaged in a secret investigation and working in the interests of an employer," are "not to be gauged from an ordinary standpoint," but the standpoint they are to be judged from suggests nothing in the way of special privilege and excuse: quite the contrary. Assuredly it will not do to allow these inquiry offices and their runners any pretence of association with the ordinary machinery of justice.

It is reported of one who is eminent both as a lawyer and a churchman that, speaking of the hardihood with which so many noble lords and members of great families are choosing the partners of their lives, he said that if nothing can be done to prevent the degradation of the aristocracy something might be done to prevent the degradation of marriage. It is not a bad idea, and may be just worth chronicling; but much better ones have proved totally impracticable. By what means can marriage be denied to anybody who is not wedded already, or who does not come into the list of prohibitions set forth in the Book of Common Prayer?

Half-a-dozen domestic tragedies—mostly in low life, to be sure—have happened within the last ten days to impress social investigators with what seems to evade their attention too easily. It is that, whether male or female, we are equally human, that to be human is to err, and that a vast deal of the patent, provable, brutal damage inflicted on the weaker sex by the stronger is the direct consequence of grossly wicked provocation heaped upon the man. No doubt, the male population is the naughtier of the two and the worst to live with; though, if a jury of matrons were (*secretly*) empanelled in all the great towns to decide the point—no jurywoman to be under fifty years of age—it is believed that the majority of verdicts to that effect would be a small one. But however that may be, when the tale goes round that celebrates the violence of husbands—especially of working-class husbands—some account should be taken of the fact that all wives are not good women—that some are atrociously bad; that, besides the faults of drunkenness and home neglect, they sometimes impose maddening afflictions on their spouses which yet can hardly be put into the language of complaint; and that a poor man with children to look after cannot afford the luxury of separation or even a room in which he might live apart from the exasperating cause of his misery. Of course, that is no excuse for wife-beating, though it is not an infrequent explanation of it; and if young husbands kill young wives who cannot be kept out of dancing-rooms and drinking clubs we must hang those young men as often as they fail to add suicide to murder. All that is meant is that many a woman whose husband is scouted as a brute, and who has even been punished as such, knows of provocations as base as the offences they account for; and those provocations do not come into the statistics of crime.

The wife of a gardener killed her baby-girl the other day by forcing a cork into the child's throat. When the doctor who was called in (too late) asked the woman why she had done so cruel a thing, she replied, "Because of the disgrace she had brought on her family." Whether this answer meant that the mother or that the child had brought disgrace on her family is not quite clear from the newspaper report, but there is no doubt as to which of them suffered for the offence—supposing that any offence had been committed. The child it was that died; and it is the child that is so often made to suffer in cases (of which this may not have been one) where a sense of shame rankles in the mother's mind. Novelists and other historians of human infirmity are so familiar with this illustration of it that they seem to regard as only natural the mother's hatred of "the evidence of her guilt," her disposition to damage that evidence, her frequent willingness to destroy it or see it destroyed. The feeling seems even to be taken very commonly as a sign of grace, so that there is more sympathy for the young woman who flings her baby into a pond or leaves it on a heath to starve than for another who cherishes a helplessness more innocent than her own.

Hating the evidence of one's guilt is all very well, and would, indeed, be most serviceable to society, and a means of salvation to many, if it often included a loathing of fine things like costly raiment, jewels, horses, snug country-houses, and similar luxuries, whereby erring persons of both sexes are reminded of their misdeeds every day of their lives. But not much is heard of that kind of hating the evidence of our guilt—a circumstance which warrants the opinion that the other kind is spurious. In most cases, indeed, it is mere barbaric selfishness, directly sprung from instincts purely brutal, which when they go the length of murder, or spend themselves on the torments so often inflicted on poor little children who have too little father and too much mother, should be rigorously dealt with for what they are.

Strange to say, the gardener's wife who choked her baby "because of the disgrace she had brought upon her family" may have felt sure it was the right thing to do, while yet there was no disgrace at all in the matter. At any rate, it would not be the first time that a perfectly blameless and otherwise sensible woman has been subject to like hallucinations. Cases are known of a craziness so strange that wives and mothers have insisted on the separation of a last-born child from the rest as an intruder and interloper; refusing to have anything to do with it or to look at it, and urging that it should be sent out of the family it disgraced. And this without any apparent feeling that the disgrace was or should be shared.

THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" PRIZE CUP FOR THE BISLEY RIFLE MEETING.

This cup, given annually by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* for competition at the meeting of the National Rifle Association, was won on Friday, July 22, by Lieutenant Wilson, of the 1st Cheshire Volunteer Battalion, who made fifteen points in the last stage at 600 yards, seven shots, with three consecutive bull's-eyes, his only competitor then. Private



THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" PRIZE CUP.

Ritchie, 1st Dumbartonshire, making twelve; but they had previously "tied" with thirty-four shots, Lieutenant Wilson only missing the bull's-eye once. There are other prizes besides the cup in this competition to the value of £300, and the scores are counted in the Grand and All-Comers' Aggregate for the meeting. The cup, which is of elegant design, was manufactured, as usual, by Mr. J. W. Benson, Ludgate Hill.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Number Twenty" (second series), by H. D. Traill. *The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour.* (Henry and Co.)
- "Verbena Camellia Stephanotis, &c.", by Walter Besant. (Chatto and Windus.)
- "The Interpreter's House," by B. Paul Newman. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "England Under the Coalition," by P. W. Clayden. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "The Herb of Love." *The Pseudonym Library.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Letters from Mandalay," by J. A. Colbeck. (A. W. Lowe.)
- "A Cockney in Kilts," by C. Rae-Brown. (Norison Brothers.)
- "Poetry of Byron." *Golden Treasury Series.* Chosen and Arranged by Matthew Arnold. (Macmillan and Co.)
- "The Lone Star of Liberia," by F. A. Durham. (Elliot Stock.)
- "Heads, and What They Tell Us," by W. Pugin Thornton. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.)
- "Australian Verses," by W. H. H. Yarrington. (Robertson and Co.)
- "Farthest East, South, and West," by An Anglo-Indian Globetrotter. (W. H. Allen and Co.)
- "Travels in Africa," by Dr. Wilhelm Junker. Translated from the German by A. H. Keane, F.R.G.S. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "Nevermore," by Rolf Boldrewood. (Macmillan and Co.)
- "Mrs. Smith's Craze," &c. By Henry Ross. One vol. "Where the Seabirds Cry." By Castle Hill. One vol. "For Hal's Sake." By Amy Manifold. One vol. (Digby and Long.)
- "The New Antigone: A Romance." One volume edition. (Macmillan and Co.)
- "English Men of Letters: Carlyle." By Professor John Nichol. (Macmillan and Co.)
- Swift's "Polite Conversation," edited by G. Saintsbury. (Whittingham's Chiswick Press.)
- "The Finger of Scorn." By Reginald Salwey. Two vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)
- "Human Origins," By S. Laing. (Chapman and Hall.)

THE MAHMAL.

BY DEAN BUTCHER.

"Grand Cairo!" as Lord Beaconsfield persisted in calling the capital of Egypt long after the rest of the world had dropped the adjective—lends herself to all forms of public festivity with a smiling face. She lights up well at night, and in the daytime, though she may only hang out a few triangular red flags, she does it tastefully, and always chooses the right spot for the bright speck of gleaming colour. The most characteristic of all her fêtes is, undoubtedly, the procession of the Holy Carpet on the departure of the pilgrims for Mecca. I have seen it over and over again, and yet it never loses its freshness, though the main features are always alike. Will the reader come along with me while we see it?

We start early in the delicious June morning and drive up the long ugly street of Mohammed Ali to the citadel. All along the way are parties of dervishes carrying the banners of their guilds and chanting as they go. Then a pasha in a gold-embroidered coat, with his syce running before him, drives along in his victoria. Then two big troopers belonging to our military police ride slowly by with an elaborate air of being where they are accidentally. No British regiment takes part in the pageant; it is Egyptian from beginning to end. Though shabby and hideous, the street of Mohammed Ali terminates superbly, for it passes between the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, the gem of Saracenic architecture, and the stately Mosque of Rifâiyeh, unfortunately not finished. Then we emerge into an open place, and before us rise the citadel and the great mosque where the founder of the present dynasty lies buried. Every battlement, every flight of steps, every parapet, every coign of vantage is crowded with men and women all aglow with excitement and pleasure. We take up a place in the midst of the most good-humoured crowd in the world. A tattered beggar asks for bakshish, a travelling fruit-seller offers us pistachio nuts, and the inevitable water-carrier, with his tinkling brass cup, invites us to drink. But they all take a courteous "No" for an answer, and leave us to watch the procession. The theatre, wherein the pageant is displayed, is an open space beneath the towering citadel, and the centre-point of the ceremony is now a little wooden kiosk; it was once a rich crimson velvet tent, where the Khedive or his representative takes his state. The Egyptian soldiers, in white uniforms and red turbans, keep the ground, and in their midst, swaying to and fro, is the howdah, or covered litter, ablaze with spangles and gold, on the hump of a camel that will do no more work after bearing that holy burden. And this howdah—a square frame with a pyramidal top, not the carpet as is popularly supposed—goes by the name which popularly describes the whole pageant, the Mahmal. The origin of the show, according to the erudite Lane, was curious. In the thirteenth century of our era Sheger ed-Durr, a beautiful female slave, who became the favourite wife of the Sultan Es Saleh Neym ed Deen, caused herself to be proclaimed Queen of Egypt, and actually went in state to Mecca, performing the pilgrimage in a superb howdah, or covered litter. Hence a litter called the Mahmal has been sent ever since as an emblem of royalty. Strange that the most popular public festival of the hareem-guarding Arabs should have been held for more than half-a-dozen centuries in honour of a stormy-minded woman!

At last there is a stir in the crowd—that peculiar movement we all know when a multitude, as it were, pulls itself together before the event of the day takes place. Driving rapidly, the Prime Minister, Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, who is to represent the Khedive, appears with viceregal escort and equipage. During the summer months the Khedive is always at Alexandria, and sends a high Minister to represent him. Though the pilgrimage to Mecca is an act of religion and a cardinal duty for all who hold the faith of Islam, this Cairene ceremony of the Mahmal is a state function, and Nubar Pasha, an Armenian Christian, when Prime Minister, represented the Khedive on more than one occasion. The act performed by the Khedive or his deputy is simple. Directly he arrives at the kiosk, he salutes and is saluted by the high functionaries. These great ones are a strangely contrasted group. Some are dressed in regulation black frock-coats, some in uniforms covered with embroidery, others, like the Sheikh el Islam or the Sheikh el Saddatt, sit sublime in robes of silk and turbans worthy of Abdallah-el-Hadji in "The Talisman." After salutations given and received the music bursts out, and the camel, with its glittering howdah or tabernacle flashing in the sun, goes round and round sometimes three, sometimes seven times, while the dervishes on the attendant camels utter their strange shrill note of joy, and all the spectators echo the sound, and thrill with excitement and sympathy.

At last the camel is brought up, very dizzy probably, before the steps of the little kiosk, and the officer in charge of the pilgrimage takes a crimson cord which hangs from the Mahmal, and places it in the hand of the Khedive's representative, who kisses it reverently and wishes the Hadj "God speed." Loudly boom the kettledrums, shrilly sound the pipes, and the procession is on its way through the murmuring, rejoicing multitude on the first stage to Mecca. This stage is not a long one, but only as far as Abbasayeh, where they will all repose for a day and a half, and then the gay trappings of the camels will be taken off, and the housings sown with beads and the headstalls glittering with scraps of looking-glass will be unbuckled; and, soberly equipped like

Warriors for the working day, the bona-fide pilgrims will really start, and the properties that are brought out every year for the great fantasia of the Mahmal will be stowed away until they are next wanted.

The pilgrims go by train to Suez and then take steamer to Jeddah. It was a sad blow to the old conservatism of Islam when the holy carpet and the holy people were thrust into railway carriages. Sinister rumour says that a telegraph wire injured the pyramid-shaped top of the Mahmal, which was a bad omen; but, fortunately, nothing came of it. As it is, even in these days of comparative luxury, the pilgrims brave many hardships. They suffer from fatigue and heat and close-packed, and the fevers generated by these conditions; but those who do get back are happy men, and troops of friends will hail their returning feet.

When the chief dangers of the long journey are over, and the pilgrims are well on their homeward way, they will write letters to their fathers and brothers and all their home-keeping kinsfolk, pouring forth gratitude to God, who, by the mouth of His servant Abraham*, enjoined men to make a pilgrimage to the house of their God.

Then those friends who have stayed behind paint on the whitewashed walls of the houses pictures of locomotive engines and ships and palm-trees and raging lions, to show how the occupant has travelled by land and sea and has braved dangers from wild beasts, but is now returned safe and sound; and when he is nigh to the city they bring him on his way with torches and music, so that the coming back, as well as the going forth, of the Mahmal is a time of festivity and joy.

* Koran, chap. 23, Mecca, or the Pilgrimage.

STRAY CATS.
BY ANDREW LANG.

M. Pierre Loti, in his "Book of Pity and Death," has brought cats into particular notice. Nobody who has read it can have the heart to be unkind to cats; but boys do not read it much, and terriers are the illiterate residuum. Between boys and cats there is an endless feud, more in the country than in town, where the milk-boy and the butcher's boy, and many boys, may often be seen treating cats with benevolence. Scott held that an affection for a cat—Hins of Hinsfeldt—was the first sign in himself of old age. It is very long since I detected that token of old. My own cats have always been stray cats. They come in and find excuses for staying. First, there were Frank and Hun, who appeared in their kittenhood, furious Frank and fiery Hun. Frank was black, Hun was brindled. These cats had a regularly organised game. If a newspaper was lying on the floor Frank hid in it. The game was for Hun to tempt or tease him out without pulling off the paper, which was strictly forbidden. Hun never was "in," Frank was always at the wicket. One day Hun went forth, and only returned in middle age. Where had he been in the meanwhile? Why did he go away? Wherefore did he return? Was there a lady in the case? Vain questions! Yes, in the sea of life en-ised, we mortal millions live alone. I can no more account for Hun's policy than for

of unusual affability, Pat condescends to give a paw—his only accomplishment, and a mark of his highest favour. At all other times he walks away when he is caressed.

Life would be still more as Pat likes to have it if it were not for Edward Longshanks, otherwise known to history as the Greatest of the Plantagenets and as the Hammer of the Scots. He is an uncommonly long-legged black cat, and originally lived in the gardens in receipt of outdoor relief. His birth and state are lowly, but his insolence, now that he has a roof over his head, knows no bounds. If he came of the blue blood of Persian pussyhood, Edward could not be more arrogant or more impatient of intruders. If another alien cat comes, perhaps as an interviewer or with an eye to milk, within his bounds, Edward is up in arms as much as if he had been cradled in the purple and was a legitimate descendant of the King of Cats. He flies on the visitor with a yell, fur also flies, and Edward Longshanks has repelled invasion. He used to drive Pat away from his food, but the gentlemanly disdain of Pat's manner has conquered him, and Warsaw is tranquil. He still flies at Dickon Draw-the-Blade, another black cat with a white shirt-front. Dickon, too, was a stranger, a waif and stray; but Dickon is very unlike Edward. He is not greedy; indeed, he never seems to eat. He used to mew outside a window opening on the gnubby gardens, and he was provided with sustenance. But there was nothing mercenary in Dickon; milk was not his desire. He yearned for

country cat, half Persian, Madame Récamier, who can beg like a dog. She also lies in wait on a wall, above a swallow's nest, catches swallows, at the wicket as it were, when they emerge, and carries them to her friend the groom. She puts her forepaws on his leg; he takes the swallow, quite unhurt, from her mouth, and tosses it into the air, where it flies off, happy, but a little surprised. Why Madame Récamier does this—why she does not eat the swallows—is one of the puzzles of the feline psychology. Pat, on the other hand, sits watching sparrows on a roof; but he never jumps at them, knowing well that he would fall down from a great height and break his epicurean backbone. That cat has mastered the secret of life—

Vacant heart, and hands and eye,
Easy live, and quiet die.

The scheme recommended by the Improvements Committee of the London County Council for making a new broad avenue from Holborn, opposite Southampton Row, to the Strand at St. Mary's Church, was debated in the Council on Friday, July 22, when several amendments were moved, after a motion to reject the whole scheme had failed in the hands of Mr. Aeneas Smith and Mr. Arthur Arnold. The objections were based chiefly on financial considerations. It was agreed not to proceed with the scheme unless satisfactory provision be made for the payment of such contributions as Parliament may



"WITHIN SOUND OF THE SEA."—BY A. TOMSON.

IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY.

Mr. Gladstone's. Hun grew old; a veil is cast over his decease. I would not melt the waxen hearts of men, like M. Pierre Loti, with feline death-beds and pussy Little Nells. Frank was left to the care of friends who occupied the house for some months. Contrary to the habits of cats, who like places better than people, Frank resented the change of inmates. He fled to the gardens, where for months he lived a life, I fear, of lust and rapine. On our return he ventured within doors—

Sae auld and sae frail, and sae mangy and sae lame,
A sair, sair altered cat Sir Francis cam' hame.

He received every attention, but to no avail. Frank also went over to the majority. His constitution and his moral nature had been incurably shattered.

Of course I vowed I would never have another cat. But one day a fat, sleek, middle-class black cat appeared uninvited, and his motto was "J'y suis; j'y reste"! His name is Pat. Pat is a philosopher and a gentleman. He prefers the contemplative life, and never even goes into the gardens, where he justly dreads the familiarities of toms, who bite, and tabbies, who have nothing to say to him. He has drunk of the milk of the White Doe, and takes no part in the struggle for existence. If a strange cat comes and invades his plate or his bowl of milk, Pat does not swear or scratch; he shrugs his shoulders and walks away. "Non est tanti," he seems to say. Most of his time he passes in repose. Yet he has returns of youth, when he runs after his tail and plays with pieces of string. These invariably come on at one o'clock, and about eleven at night. Like Montaigne's cat, he has his hours. To roll himself up on a darkling staircase and trip people is an exercise of which Pat never wearies. About once a month, in moments

affection merely. He came in furtively, sprang on the knee of his present owner, and purred melodiously. Then he walked all over wet manuscript of an important but very unfinished work on epic poetry. He soon modestly withdrew, but on a dreadfully rainy afternoon poor homeless Dickon came all dripping to the window. Nobody could keep him out. He did not accept chicken bones, beyond touching them in a royal manner and with magnificent courtesy. But he purred, and jumped up on one's knee, saying as plainly as if he could speak that he wanted friends, not food. It is impossible to resist a cat so simply affectionate as Dickon Draw-the-Blade. Occasionally Edward Longshanks hammers him with loud yells, but he never answers in kind. The aristocratic Pat simply ignores him. He would blackball Dickon, if he had the chance, but as to fighting, Pat never struck a blow in anger in his life.

Such are the varying characters of cats, who have as much individuality as other people. They are creatures full of mystery. Where do they come from, and why do they come and go? Pat obviously left a comfortable home, where he was well seen to, for he bore the aspect of "the fat ones," as the old Greeks called "the classes." Why did he leave his friends and seek adventures—he, a cat of unadventurous disposition? How did Dickon Draw-the-Blade support life before he came here, and is anyone mourning for a creature so fond, if also feckless? As for Edward, he is a mere pirate, an outlaw, now in prosperous circumstances, like Robin Hood after he became Earl of Huntingdon and had "a stake in the country." Not one of them has a scrap of accomplishments. On the other hand, I can boast the acquaintance of a

direct to be levied on the owners of property benefited by this improvement. Alderman Fleming Williams then moved, as an additional condition, that Parliament shall enact an equitable division of the net cost between the owners of ground values and the occupiers, which was carried by 63 votes to 18. Mr. Beachcroft regarded the execution of the scheme under these conditions as hopeless—it was "practically killed"; but he proposed, as the next expedient, to consider whether the County Council should not ask for powers to purchase the freehold interest in such property, and then allow the leases to run out. A resolution to this effect was carried. The scheme is now impeded by a difference of opinion similar to that of last year, on the "betterment" question.

The Grand Prior of the English Order of Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem is the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness, on Thursday, July 21, at Marlborough House, held a chapter of that order. He presented medals of honour and certificates of merit to nine persons who have performed brave acts in saving life; five were police constables, one a railway porter, one a miner, one a crossing-sweeper, and one a Dublin woman.

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NEW MEMBERS OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.



MR. G. WHITELAW (LANARKSHIRE, N.W.), C.
Born 1863, son of late Mr. A. Whitelaw, M.P., of Gartshore, Dunbartonshire; educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge; Captain 3rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Polled 4770, against 4689.



MR. J. D. PALMER (GRAVESEND), C.
Born 1851, at Romford, Essex; educated at Felstead School; is a county magistrate; resides at Heronden Hall, Tenterden, Kent; Master of the Heronden Harriers. Polled 2370, against 1619.



MR. A. CROSS (GLASGOW, CAMLACHIE), U.L.
Born 1856; educated at Glasgow University; a seed-merchant at Glasgow, London, Dublin, and Dumfries; director Scottish Mortgage Land Company. Polled 3155, against 3084.



HON. H. C. PLUNKETT (DUBLIN COUNTY, S.), C.
Born 1855, son of Lord Dunsany; educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford; lived some time in America; member of Board for Congested Districts of Ireland. Polled 4371, against 2261.



MR. J. HEATH (STAFFORDSHIRE, N.W.), C.
Born 1852, second son of Mr. R. Heath, M.P., Biddulph Grange, Congleton; educated at Clifton College; is an ironmaster; Major of Yeomanry Cavalry. Polled 5638, against 5106.



MR. T. T. BUCKNILL, Q.C. (EPSOM), C.
Born 1845, son of Dr. J. C. Bucknill, F.R.S.; educated at Westminster School and at Geneva; Bencher of Inner Temple, Recorder of Exeter, Alderman of Surrey County Council. Polled 5023, against 2723.



MR. H. W. FORSTER (SEVENOAKS), C.
Born 1866, son of Major Forster, of Southend, Kent, and of Exbury, Hampshire; educated at Eton and at New College, Oxford; married daughter of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. Polled 6036, against 3900.



CAPT. WILSON-TODD (YORKS, HOWDEN), C.
Born 1828, son of late Colonel Wilson, Roseville, Wexford; educated at Sandhurst Royal Military Academy; served in the Army, 39th Regiment; county councillor, Yorkshire. Polled 3888, against 3648.



MR. ARNOLD-FORSTER (BELFAST, W.), U.L.
Born 1855, son of late Mr. W. D. Arnold; adopted son of Right Hon. W. E. Forster; educated at Rugby and at University College, Oxford; a director of Cassell and Co. Polled 4266, against 3127.



MR. W. KENNY, Q.C. (DUBLIN), U.L.
Born 1846, son of a solicitor at Ennis, Clare; educated at Trinity College, Dublin; Irish Bar; Bencher of King's Inns; hon. sec. Liberal Union of Ireland. Polled 2893, against 2878.



MR. A. H. SMITH (CHRISTCHURCH), C.
Born 1862, eldest son of Mr. Abel Smith, M.P., of Woodhall Park, Herts; educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge; Captain Herts Yeomanry. Polled 2503, against 2600.



SIR J. DICKSON-POYNTER (CHIPPENHAM), C.
Born 1866, son of late Admiral Dickson; educated at Harrow; succeeded his uncle, Captain Sir A. Dickson, Bart.; assumed, by royal license, his mother's name of Poynder. Polled 3684, against 3455.



MR. A. BALDWIN (BEWDLEY), C.
Born 1841, at Stourport; an ironmaster and tinsplate worker there, firm of E. P. and W. Baldwin, and director of other manufacturing companies. Unopposed.



SIR P. PRYCE-JONES (MONTGOMERY), C.
Born 1831, son of a local solicitor; merchant and woollen manufacturer at Newtown, Montgomeryshire; director of the Welshpool and Llanfair Railway; High Sheriff in 1891. Polled 1406, against 1288.



MR. ALBAN GIBBS (CITY OF LONDON), C.
Born 1816, son of Mr. Henry Hicks Gibbs, M.P.; educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford; merchant in Bishopsgate Within (Antony Gibbs and Sons). Polled 9258, against 4207.



MR. C. BILL (LEEK, STAFFORDSHIRE), C.
Born 1813, son of late Mr. J. Bill, Farley Hall, Cheadle; educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford; county magistrate; Colonel of Militia. Polled 4576, against 4213.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.



MR. E. H. BAYLEY (CAMBERWELL, N.), G.
Born 1811, son of late Rev. Dr. Bayley; is a manufacturer, E. H. Bayley and Co., Newington, wagon-builders; Chairman of West Metropolitan Tramways Company. Polled 4295, against 3150.



MR. A. SPICER (MONMOUTH D.), G.
Born 1817, at Woodford, Essex; educated at the Mill Hill School and in Germany; is a wholesale stationer in Upper Thames Street; treasurer of London Missionary Society. Polled 3130, against 3137.



MR. T. C. WARNER (SOMERSET, N.), G.
Born 1857, son of late Mr. E. Warner, M.P. for Norwich; educated at Eton and at Brasenose College, Oxford; was High Sheriff of Essex 1891. Polled 3920, against 3901.



MR. R. D. BURNIE (SWANSEA), G.
Born 1843, at Dawlish, Devonshire; is an engineer and commercial business man at Swansea; was Mayor in 1884; treasurer of South Wales Liberal Federation. Polled 3733, against 3011.



MR. C. F. E. ALLEN (PEMBROKE DISTRICT), G.
Born 1847; educated at Eton and at Cambridge (senior optime, tripos 1870); practised as barrister in India, and was Government Advocate and Recorder at Rangoon. Polled 2580, against 2385.



MR. W. SAUNDERS (WALWORTH), G.
Born 1823, in Wiltshire; newspaper proprietor, *Eastern Morning News*, *Western Morning News*, and was head of Central News Agency. London County Council. Polled 2514, against 2218.



MR. G. BEITH (INVERNESS BURGHS), G.
Born 1827, son of late Rev. A. Beith, D.D., Stirling; an Eastern export merchant of Glasgow and Manchester; director of companies; elder of Free Kirk of Scotland. Polled 1615, against 1562.



MR. E. J. C. MORTON (DEVONPORT), G.
Born 1856; educated at Harrow and at St. John's College, Cambridge; called to Bar 1885, practises on North-Eastern Circuit; secretary of Home Rule Union. Polled 3325, against 3012.



MR. T. SNAPE (LANCASHIRE, HEYWOOD), G.
Born 1835, at Salford; has been an alkali manufacturer at Widnes; Alderman of Lancashire County Council; Chairman of Technical Instruction Committee. Polled 4366, against 3745.



MR. E. STRACHEY (SOMERSET, S.), G.
Born 1858, eldest son of Sir E. Strachey, Bart.; educated at Christ Church, Oxford; Lieutenant 4th Battalion (Militia) of Somersetshire Regiment; member of County Council. Polled 4330, against 3925.



CAPT. J. SINCLAIR (DUMBARTONSHIRE), G.
Born 1860, grandson of late Sir John Sinclair, Bart., Caithness; educated at Wellington College and at Sandhurst; served with 5th Lancers in Soudan; London County Council. Polled 5249, against 4956.



MR. R. V. BARROW (BERMONDSEY), G.
Born 1838; educated at Borough Road School, Southwark; partner in firm of S. Barrow and Brother, tanners and leather-merchants; Alderman of Croydon. Polled 4390, against 3732.



MR. J. W. CROMBIE (KINCARDINESHIRE), G.
Born 1838; educated at Aberdeen University; director of J. and J. Crombie, woollen manufacturers, Aberdeen; author of critical essays on foreign literature. Polled 2444, against 1376.



MR. J. RICHARDSON (DURHAM, S.E.), G.
Born 1833, at Sunderland; educated at the Friends' School, York; ship-builder at Stockton-on-Tees; director of colliery, iron, and shipping companies; four times Mayor. Polled 5560, against 5396.



MR. C. P. HUNTINGTON (LANCS, DARWEN), G.
Born 1833, son of Mr. James Huntington, Mitcham, Surrey; educated privately; is a paper-maker, one of the firm of Potter and Co., Astley Bank, Darwen. Polled 6037, against 6423.



MR. W. FIELD (DUBLIN, ST. PATRICK'S), P.
Was opposed to Mr. W. Murphy, Anti-Parnellite, who had occupied the seat for the Irish Nationalists since 1885, when he was elected by 5330 votes. On the present occasion Mr. Field polled 3693, against 1006.

TOURAINE, DESCRIBED IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

Old Touraine: The Life and History of the Famous Chateaux of France. By Theodore Andrea Cook, B.A., sometime Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford. Two vols. (Percival and Co.)—The fair and fertile country whose national history is most intimately associated with that of England is more than any other characterised by its main rivers. If the names of ancient provinces, long separate principalities, were to be effaced by the Revolution, it was a happy thought to name the modern departments mostly from these and their confluent streams. No region of France, except that of the Seine, has contributed nearly so much to the ancient and political making of the English nation and realm as that comprising the old counties of Blois, Mayenne, and Anjou. No portion of French territory is so filled with superb architectural monuments and biographical anecdotes of the ancient French royalty, before the administration of Cardinal Richelieu. Those reigns were often vicious and disastrous beyond example in other kingdoms, yet often, seen from a deceptive distance of time, wear the garb of romantic gallantry. Touraine has been, to French historical novelists, what Scotland, under its native Stuart kings preceding the sixth James, appeared in the creative fancy of him who wrote "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," and who, in such stories as "Quentin Durward," turned to congenial scenes and figures in the olden days of France. Unquestionably, it was then and there, previously to the despotic rule and the rigid official system which absorbed French vigour in subordination



CLOCK TOWER AND BRIDGE AT THE CHATEAU OF CHINON.
From "Old Touraine" (Percival and Co.)

to the Court of a Grand Monarque, that the Gallic spirit displayed its peculiar talents and humours, which have not so much abounded in many other parts of the modern kingdom. A thorough acquaintance with the existing whole nation and its history finds wide differences of character between Picardy and Normandy and Brittany, the region of the Loire, Champagne, Burgundy, the Vosges, the Rhône, Gascony, and the southern departments. But Touraine is especially notable as the favourite residence of a line of princes whose doings, unhappily more for evil than for good, owing much of their wickedness to the corrupting influence of bad women, left France, towards the end of the sixteenth century, in a deplorable condition. It is hard to find any period of a hundred years, in any European country, when kings and queens and great nobles did so much wrong and harm as was done by the House of Valois, under Francis I., Henry II., Catherine de Medicis with her sons, Charles IX. and Henry III.; the Guises and the League with their ecclesiastical allies, the royal Court and the traitorous factions, perpetrating crimes that no age of barbarism could exceed, amid the exotic refinements of Italian Renaissance art, prodigal luxury, and intellectual culture. Mr. Theodore Cook has studied that age; and the tale of its notorious misdeeds, combined with descriptions of such grand edifices as the castles of Blois, Chambord, Amboise, Chenonceaux, and others, occupies much space in this book. We feel a stronger interest, nevertheless, in the topics of his earlier chapters, particularly those relating to our own Plantagenet kings and their ancestral connections; for we recognise in the Angevin Henry II. the real founder of the valid English monarchical constitution, and the author of most valuable permanent rules and methods of government in this country. The castle of Chinon, now falling into ruin,



ONE OF THE CLOCK TOWERS OF THE CATHEDRAL
AT TOURS.

From Robida's "La Vieille France—Touraine."

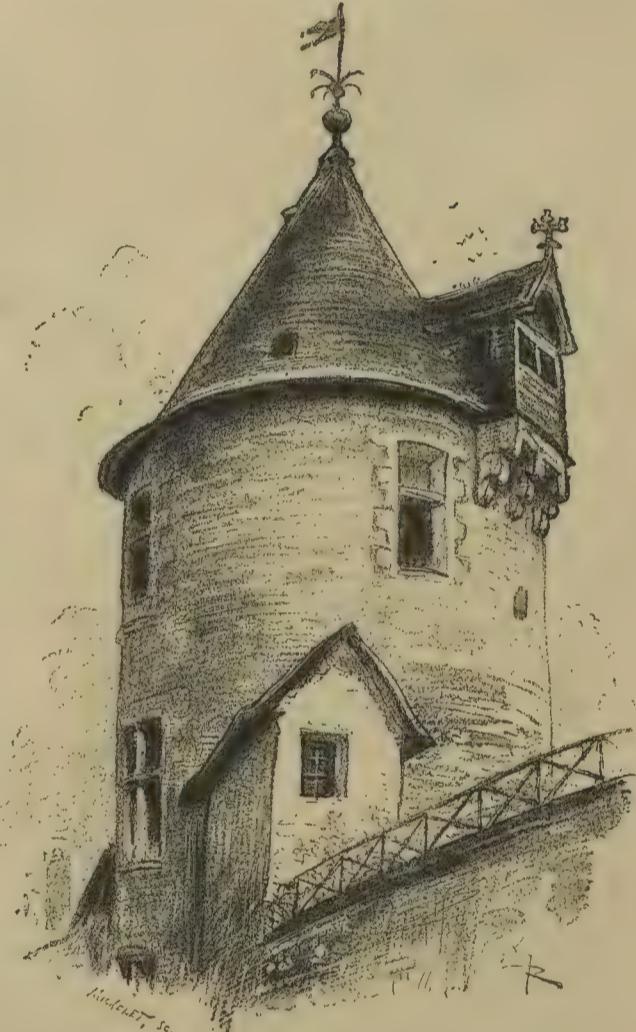
and the tombs at Fontevrault Abbey, should command the respect of our tourists on this score; and if they take Mr. Theodore Cook for a guide, their visit will be accompanied by knowledge. Chinon is also memorable for Joan of Arc's interview with the French King Charles VII., and the



THE CLOCK TOWER AT AMBOISE.
From Robida's "La Vieille France—Touraine."

dungeons of Loches bear witness to the cruelties of Louis XI. Touraine is a fair land, and richly ornamented with princely palaces, marvels of stately and ingenious building, with picturesque old towns and venerable churches. It has witnessed many remarkable lives of men and women in high places, some of whose actions were so bad that it were well they had never lived. Yet it may be well now, as France is Republican, that they should not be entirely forgotten.

La Vieille France: La Touraine. Texte, Dessins, et Lithographies par A. Robida. (Librairie Illustrée, Paris.)—This goodly quarto volume, handsomely printed, and plentifully adorned with views, chiefly architectural, drawn by a learned, skilful, and diligent French artist, follows his "Normandie et Bretagne," a work already noticed with just commendation. M. Robida writes as well as he draws; the precision of his statements, and the vivacious eloquence of his commentaries, afford a good example of the French style of critical panegyric, which treats a chosen theme with such agreeable tact and graceful leniency, shunning its less favourable aspects, yet preserving correctness of detail. His book is pleasant reading, and his artistic illustrations have the merit of uncompromising truth. A native of his country may well be fond of the Loire in its westward course below Orleans, with its tributaries, the Cher, the Indre, and the Vienne, to its



LAST REMAINING TOWER OF THE SIEGE OF ORLEANS, 1429.

From Robida's "La Vieille France—Touraine."

south bank, in the proper limits of Touraine, and those which, to the north, give their names to the departments of Sarthe and Mayenne. The geographical scope of this treatise is rather more extensive than that of Mr. Theodore Cook's two volumes. The topography is also somewhat minuter in its descriptions of many old buildings, the plans, structure, and decorations of which are elaborately represented in numerous lithographs and engravings. As a study of French mediæval and Renaissance architecture, it is a most instructive work. Outside of Touraine, as defined above, its views comprise the famous cities of Orleans and Bourges, with several places near them to the east; Le Mans, to the north; Saumur, Angers, Laval, and Vendôme, to the west. The historical notices are brief and allusive. One may have read elsewhere sufficient accounts of past conflicts, treasons, amours, intrigues, captivities, assassinations, judicial murders, confiscations, persecutions, and other incidents of the heyday of chivalrous French royalty. Its splendid palaces, as well as many fine old abbeys, cathedrals, and other ecclesiastical edifices, are still to be admired. The city, which in 1429 withstood an English siege during six months, and was then delivered from the foreign foe by the presence of Joan of Arc, inspiring its defenders with renewed courage by the promise of Divine aid, preserves but one fragment of its ancient fortifications. This is a round tower, from which the brave Dunois, with his small band of French soldiers, accompanied by the saintly heroine, recently arrived from her humble home in a village of Lorraine, sallied forth, day after day, to attack the large besieging army, then occupying all the external forts, principally those of the Augustins and the Tournelles, on the banks of the river. The English were soon compelled to relinquish the siege of Orleans and ultimately to give up the conquest of France.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Two correspondents send me letters remarking on Dr. Graily Hewitt's views about sea-sickness, and on the virtues of oatmeal and water (demonstrated in the writer's experience of his own employees) as a beverage for workers, respectively. The first of these correspondents tells me that the swinging electric lamps in his city in Canada formerly caused sensations of nausea and squeamishness similar to those experienced in premonitory fashion at sea by amateur sailors. He adds that after a time he became accustomed to the motion of the lamps, and could look at them without experiencing any untoward effects. These facts lend support to Dr. Graily Hewitt's view that *mal de mer* is most frequently caused by some disturbance of our sight co-ordination. Dr. Arthur Stradling, of Watford, who, as a former ship's surgeon, must have had a very long and varied experience in the treatment of sea-sickness, says that he knows of no specific for sea-sickness; though perchance he has not tried chlorobrom, the specific recommended, after many effective trials of its efficacy, by Professor Charteris, M.D., of Glasgow.

I presume, after all is said and done, sea-sickness, while owing its causation usually to disturbance of our sense of equilibrium (through the eyes), exhibits very relative effects upon us as individuals, and what does good in one case may fail to affect another. It is an old story, this, of the impossibility of arriving at mathematical certainties when dealing with living beings and their ways. There is one remark made by Dr. Stradling which strikes me as extremely curious. He says that it is a common, if not constant experience that "persons affected with any form or degree of mental aberration are immune from that malady"—namely, sea-sickness. Dr. Stradling adds that he has verified this observation in most of the leading types of mental ailments. How or why insane persons should be exempt from sea-sickness, I cannot pretend to explain; seeing that sight in them may be perfectly normal, and that, on Dr. Graily Hewitt's theory, they should be as liable to the malady as their sane brethren and sisters. Is it that the brain is over-stimulated, and so busy—to put it popularly—about other matters that it has no time for such a minor detail as *mal de mer*? I can only pause for a reply to my inquiry for more light on this interesting observation.

Speaking of insanity reminds me that another very curious point has been ventilated recently in the medical press by Dr. Wigglesworth, of Rainhill Asylum. This writer details two cases of insanity caused in workmen who inhaled the fumes of sulphurated hydrogen gas in chemical works. This is the gas which is generated in rotten eggs, and which in many chemical works is given off in large quantities. There seems to be no doubt that the exciting cause of the insanity in Dr. Wigglesworth's two cases was the inhalation of this gas in large quantity. It is, of course, probable that the gas acts just as other agents act, in exciting or inhibiting brain-action to a degree which culminates in an attack of insanity. The mental equilibrium is destroyed by the physical effects of the gas on the brain, a result which is also occasionally known to accrue after inhaling chloroform, ether, nitrous oxide gas, and other vapours. The first effect of inhalation is to paralyse the higher centres of the brain, the later effects being seen in the affecting of the lower centres, till insensibility supervenes. If, however, we suppose that the effects of the gas are limited to the higher centres only, we get excitement produced, through the lower centres being released from the higher control. This is Dr. Wigglesworth's explanation, and it seems a rational one. All the same, it is curious to reflect upon the apparently trivial and commonplace causes to which occasionally the upsetting of the mental balance is due.

Looking over some memoranda I made last year when the chloride of gold cure for drunkenness (alluded to in last week's "Jottings") was being exploited in America, I lighted upon a note which teaches us that in America, the birthplace of this "cure," there are evidently a number of "Richmonds in the field." Dr. Keeley is by no means the only representative of the "gold cure" method. The "cure" of a certain Dr. Gray of La Porte was described in the *Western Druggist*, which affirmed that there was nothing new in the system. Dr. Gray's method, apparently, is very decided in its character. When he receives a patient, my American contemporary says, he sets him in a room with a pint bottle of whisky, which, it is added, must be good stuff. The patient is directed to take all he wants in the shape of alcoholic enjoyment, though it must be confessed a pint will not go very far with a confirmed inebriate. Be that as it may, the patient has to submit next to injections (by the skin) of chloride of gold and sodium with strychnine, while the same mixture with atropine added is given by the mouth. Day by day the gold and strychnine are given in larger and larger doses, until the patient can bear no further increase. The whisky is said to be eagerly taken on the first day, but on the second day less inclination is shown, and by the third or fourth day, the patient will have none of it. From three to six weeks of this treatment is said to cure the patient—that is, if he does not die in the interim.

If he did collapse, I should say he had been poisoned. To call this or any other "cure" of the same nature a "gold" cure is to misname it entirely. I may affirm, without fear of contradiction from any qualified or satisfactory source, that if any dislike for drink is acquired it must be through the effects of the strychnine and atropine—both drugs of highly dangerous character. I am no admirer of hypnotism, as vaunted forth by certain of my friends, as a means of cure for drunkenness; but I would a thousand times rather place faith in hypnotic influence as a means of eradicating the drink-craving than submit anyone to the shady ways and works of any American "gold cure" whatever. I have said enough, I hope, to warn my readers against countenancing in any way this latest Transatlantic device.

May I remind my readers that on Aug. 1 the International Congress of Experimental Physiology opens, under the presidency of Professor H. Sidgwick, at University College, Gower Street, London, W.C.? The congress will be held on Aug. 1 and the three following days. The list of papers to be read is long and varied. Among them I observe papers dealing with "The Limits of Animal Intelligence," "The Sensibility of Women" (by Professor Lombroso); "The Muscular Sense of the Blind," "Experiments in Thought-Transference," and "The Psychology of Insects" (by M. Binet). The programme thus presents attractions of no mean order to those who are interested (as who is not?) in the investigation of the ways and works of the brain in its normal and in its abnormal condition, and in higher and lower life as well. The fee for attendance at the congress is ten shillings, which entitles the member to a printed report of the proceedings. Professor J. Sully, East Heath Road, Hampstead, London, N.W., will receive applications for tickets.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.

F THOMPSON (Derby).—Will you look at the effect of 1. B takes B, Q to K 3rd, R to Q 3rd? Can mate now be avoided?

FITZWARRANT (Exeter).—After K takes P, 2. Kt to K 6th, dis ch and mate.

J RAYNER (Leeds).—Many thanks. Your request shall certainly be complied with.

R A WILLIAMS (Holywood).—We presume Mr Steinitz did not play as you suggest because it involved an early instead of an ultimate disaster. He did not lose because of B to B 5th, but because his general position was bad. The answer to your proposal is not to take the Bishop, but to develop the Black forces, by which, with existing superiority of position, an overwhelming attack is obtained.

C T BLANSHARD (Hunstanton).—We are very pleased to hear from you, and have little doubt your problems will be found correct.

Dr F ST (Gamberwell).—Thanks for further contributions. We are obliged for amended diagram of last problem, which shall be examined immediately.

C BURNETT (Biggleswade).—Last problem is more to our liking. We are not sure, however, if a mate at all can be effected.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2513 received from Mrs Gilmore (Bhinga) and Henry Clarke (Bangalore); of No. 2517 from W H Thompson (Tunbridge); of No. 2518 from W R Hall (Worthing); W Percy Hind (Worthing); A H B; of No. 2519 from Monty, Blair Cochrane (Clewer), Bluet, M A Eye (Boulogne); Hereward, A H B; J M Gretton (Boulogne); Captain J A Chalke (Great Yarmouth); Joseph Willcock (Chester), J S Moorat (Boulogne), A W H Gell (Exeter) and L Schulz (Vienna).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2519 received from J Ross (Whitley), J Desmarest, Bluet, Rev Wingfield Cooper, J Coad, Monty, C M A B, W Vincent, Blair H Cochrane, S Brandreth, Dr Waltz (Ostdorf), A Newmann, R Worters (Canterbury), W Bluet, R W B (Plymouth), William Guy, Jun (Johnstone), Columbus, T Roberts, M A Eye, G Ward, G Jones, L Schin, Dr F St, Nigel, Joseph Willcock, H V Crane, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W Knight, Shadforth, A J B Baxter (Perth), E Loudon, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Julia Short (Exeter), E E H, H B Hurford, R H Brooks, N Harris, Sorrento (Dawlish), G Joicey, A W H Gell, Odham Club, A H B, Hereward, A Chute, J Neumann, G E Perugini, Walter W Hooper, Clacton-on-Sea, R Dyer (Brixton), and Admiral Brandreth.

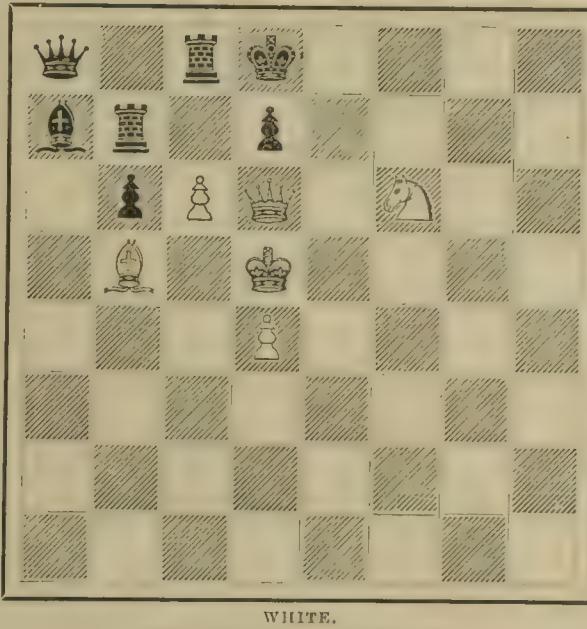
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2517.—By D. E. H. NOYES.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to B 4th Any move

PROBLEM NO. 2521.

By HEREWARD.

BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Messrs. FRASER, of Downfield, and PILKINGTON, of Penzance. Played recently in a correspondence tourney.

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th B to Q B 4th
3. Q Kt to B 3rd P to Q 3rd
4. B to B 4th Kt to B 3rd
5. P to Q 3rd Kt to Kt 5th
6. P to K B 5th

A curious and effective rejoinder to Black's menaced gain of the adverse Rook.

6. Kt to K B 7th

7. Q to R 5th

Had he castled at this stage, the continuation B to K Kt 5th would have won offhand.

8. B to K 6th

Q to K 2nd

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. P.)
9. Kt to Q 5th Q to B sq
P to Kt 3rd would do no good here, as White's reply of Q to K R 5th makes the ultimate gain of a piece certain.

10. B takes B Kt to Q 2nd
11. B takes Kt P R to Q Kt sq
12. B to B 6th K to Q sq
13. Kt to R 3rd Kt takes R
14. P to B 3rd P to R 4th
15. P to Q 4th P takes P
16. Q to R 4th (ch) P to B 3rd
17. Kt to B 4th Q to B 2nd
18. Kt to K 6th (ch) K to B sq
19. P takes Q P B to R 2nd
20. Q to R 3rd Kt to Kt 3rd
21. Q to Q 3rd, and wins.

Game played between PRINCE DADIAN of Mingrelia and Signor DUBOIS. Notes abridged from the *Chess Monthly*.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Prince D.) BLACK (Sig. D.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q 4th
3. Kt takes P P takes P

Inferior to P to Q 4th; but the text move yields more lively variations, and more scope to the imaginative player.

4. B to B 4th

5. B takes P (ch)

If Kt takes P, then Q takes Kt P; 6. R to B sq, B to Kt 5th; 7. P to K B 3rd, R takes P; 8. Kt takes R, B to K 2nd, and wins.

5. K to Q sq

K to K 2nd is preferable here.

6. P to Q 4th Q takes P

7. R to B sq B to Q R 6th

8. B to Q B 4th B to Q 3rd.

9. Kt to B 7th (ch) K to K 2nd

10. Q to K 2nd Kt to Q B 3rd

11. P to Q B 3rd Kt to B 3rd

12. Kt takes R R takes Kt

13. B to K 3rd Q takes R (ch)

14. Q takes Q B takes Q

15. K takes B B takes P

16. K to Kt 2nd B to Q 3rd

17. Kt to Q 2nd P to K R 3rd

18. B to Kt 3rd P to K Kt 4th

WHITE (Prince D.) BLACK (Sig. D.)
R to K sq, to defend the K R, is the obvious move here.

19. B to B 2nd Kt to Kt 5th

20. R to K sq Kt takes B

21. P takes Kt Kt to Q sq

22. B takes P P to B 4th

23. Kt to B 4th P takes P

24. Kt takes B K takes Kt

25. B takes P Kt to B 3rd

26. B takes Kt P takes B

27. P to K 4th P to B 4th

28. P to Q 5th K to K 4th

29. K to Kt 3rd R to K B sq

30. Kt to Kt 4th R to B 3rd

He might have tried R to B 5th (ch), thus having the Rook in play and keeping the K P attacked.

31. K to R 5th P to R 4th

32. R to K 3rd K to Q 5th

33. P to K 5th

White is not slow to avail himself of the opportunity offered. It is a clever move, which wins the game.

34. R to B sq

35. P to Q 6th R to Q 4th

36. K to R 7th R to Kt 5th

37. K to Kt 6th, and wins.

The *Chess Monthly* for June and July puts in a rather late appearance, but contains matter of unusual interest, including the games of the matches between Messrs. Blackburne and Lasker and Messrs. Lipschutz and Showalter. Its biographical sketch is devoted to Prince Dadian of Mingrelia, one of the most brilliant amateurs of the day, of whose skill examples have at various times been given in these columns. From a selection of his games accompanying the memoir, we quote one above, which, although not in the Prince's pyrotechnic style, is an admirable exhibition of sound chess.

The Masters' Tournament at Dresden commenced on July 17, and continuous play has since followed. A few English players are among the competitors, but the absence of Messrs. Bird, Lasker, and Gunsberg somewhat deprives it of the interest previously anticipated.

Messrs. Elliman, of Slough, have published four excellent coloured plates of sporting subjects, which have been printed by one of the leading colour-printers of London, and show great artistic merit. The price of the set of four is five shillings, unframed. Mr. J. Sturgess is the painter of the pictures from which the plates are copied.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

During the Queen's stay at Windsor she has received a visit, among those of many guests, from the Empress Eugénie. It is characteristic of the generous disposition of the Queen that she always receives the Empress in exactly the same manner as though that unfortunate lady, whose grey hairs are crowned only by sad memories, were still a reigning sovereign. When the Queen herself was young, a capacity for appreciating the charms of other women was a noted trait of hers; and the beauty of the Empress was a subject of sincere admiration to her sister sovereign. "The Empress met us at the top of the staircase," the Queen wrote during her visit to Versailles, "looking like a fairy queen, in a white dress, trimmed with branches of grass, and diamonds—a beautiful tour de corsage of diamonds round her waist, and a corresponding coiffure, wearing her Spanish and Portuguese orders. The Emperor said, when she appeared, 'Comme tu es belle!'" This was when the Empress was at the zenith of her beauty and her power. It is not possible—so those who knew her then will tell you—to imagine how graceful and charming she was in those days. A lady who saw much of her at that time says that the Empress seemed to pay no attention to her attitudes, and not to think at all of her appearance; yet she always sank into a perfectly elegant pose, and her draperies fell around her as gracefully as though she had had them arranged by an artist, ready to paint. It is this grace which is, after all, the main element of womanly beauty. Alas! since then how she has known sorrow, and how much she has lost! But I am told that the rivière of diamonds in the form of flowers and grasses, described above by the Queen, and which was always one of the Empress's most famous jewels, is still in her possession, though most of her other ornaments have been sold, either as French crown jewels or by her own orders.

Although the Empress lives so quietly, she does not quite seclude herself from kindly interest in others. She distributed the prizes at a convent school early in July, and gave herself three prizes to as many girls, selected by the votes of their comrades as the most amiable in the respective divisions of the school in which they are placed. According to the graceful French fashion, the Empress kissed the cheek of each girl to whom she handed a prize; and the winners of her Majesty's own prizes were further distinguished by being crowned by her hand with chaplets of roses. Some time ago I chanced to learn of an almost private act of kindness on her part. A lad of sixteen, living in an English midland town, nearly lost his own life in rescuing a woman from suicide by drowning. The Empress's almoner wrote to the priest of the town, inquiring about the lad, and it so chanced that he was a Catholic, and of excellent character. Thereupon, her Majesty sent a considerable sum of money to the local priest, to be used at his discretion in promoting the young man's interests in life.

Sir Augustus Harris's garden party would doubtless be a more interesting one to attend to a good many of my readers than any other social function of the season. The dresses are all very smart and up-to-date—far more so than they are at most aristocratic gatherings. The ladies present are also more generally good-looking than at the average party. How do they manage, I wonder, these theatrical ladies, to have grown-up sons and daughters, and yet to remain so youthful in figure and fresh in face? But, of course, the true interest is found neither in fine frocks nor pretty faces; it is the "celebrities" that make this particular party so interesting. They are mainly theatrical, and the men are therefore as interesting as the women. The scene is a fine old garden in St. John's Wood, surrounding a moderate-sized and pretty house, where once Mario and Grisi lived. There are some grand old elms in the garden, beneath which the Cold-streams discourse sweet music, and an unending supply of strawberries and champagne is set out in a tent with art muslin drapings. Sir Augustus Harris, the most wonderful organiser of his time, the very Napoleon of managers, is a man of middle height and in the prime of life; his lips and chin are hidden by a well-cropped brown beard, beneath which excitement may conceal itself, but his expression is one of unbroken calm and quiet, save for the keen eyes. Lady Harris is fair, slightly inclined to embonpoint, perfectly dressed, and urbane in manner. Her gown is of palest sea-green brocade, the large sleeves and revers are of brown velvet; a Mechlin lace flounce almost covers the skirt, and a tiny band of lovely gold and pink and brown passementerie just edges the bodice and skirt foot. Mrs. Langtry—one of the "never-old" division—is here, with a tiny waist encased in a gown of white and heliotrope-flowered silk crêpe, and surrounded with a white ribbon band, and a foot trimming of deep, old-fashioned white silk fringe—genuine fringe! Miss Rose Leclercq looks refreshingly simply gowned in a blue-and-white figured cotton. Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis is more startling than is her wont in a black silk dress with a long train, the front entirely covered with white lace held in position on the bodice by bands of glittering white jet. Mrs. Cecil Lee has an astonishing bonnet, composed of a large blue velvet bow and a jet butterfly. Mlle. Zanfretta, the delightful wicked young woman of "L'Enfant Prodigue," looks delicate and modest in embroidered tussore silk; and with her is her husband, Charles Lauri, whom we all know as Pussy in the pantomimes.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

The Youth of Frederick the Great. By Ernest Lavisse. Translated by Stephen Louis Simeon. (London: Richard Bentley and Son.)—It is curious that ever since the events of twenty years ago the history of Frederick the Great has had a sort of fascination for French historical students. The attraction is not, as in former days, the unpatriotic affection of the philosopher for the philosophical king; it is rather the wish to find the secret of the victories of a worthy enemy, to trace the development of a hostile power, to explain the strength and pierce the weakness of a rival. Why was it that Prussia, a mere arbitrary collocation of barren provinces, contrived to become a kingdom, even a nation, to resist half Europe in arms, to survive a crushing overthrow, and finally to strike down two great Powers with successive blows, and stand at the head of Germany and the leading State in Europe?

The answer must be that the chief share in this work is due to the kings, ministers, and generals of Prussia. In the present century it is the ministers and generals who seem to take the chief part: the king supports them, but does not initiate their movements. But in the earlier history of Prussia the elector or king is everything. Each does his part. The Great Elector frees Prussia proper from Polish vassalage, and makes his State of consequence in Europe; Frederick I., the show king, secures that royal title which brings so much—a title that a stronger man might have found harder to gain. Frederick William I. hoards his crowns and drills his soldiers, till Prussia's whole energy is in her army. Then comes Frederick II., who, using his father's hoarded treasure of men and money, wins Silesia, and with it the right of Prussia to rank as a great Power.

Naturally, Frederick the Great is the most interesting of the series. He is a many-sided man, a philosopher, a writer, a musician, a brilliant general, a skilful statesman, feared by many, hated by many, despised by none. And French students are, perhaps, better able to understand his character, in that his early training, his reading, his mode of thinking were French—though French with a difference. He was a German trained by French Protestant refugees—a Frenchman in tastes, but the enemy of France.

M. Ernest Lavisse has set himself to trace the early life of this strange king, and see how his education fitted him for his later life. He has been careful and thorough in research, and has gone to every available source of information, especially consulting the French Foreign Office papers. He carries the story of Frederick from his birth down to the close of his conflict with his father, and his marriage and settlement at Rheinsberg. We are promised another volume going down to Frederick's accession.

Prominence is naturally given to the character of Frederick William I., that strange, uncouth, violent and harsh, but laborious and honest king, whose parsimony and diligence were the foundation on which Frederick built his glittering reputation. M. Lavisse does not dwell lovingly, as did Carlyle, on the eccentricities of his subject; and, indeed, Frederick William, even in his best moments, must have been repulsive. The Prussian Court and royal family altogether, as depicted by the author—or rather by his authorities—is a sordid and unlovely object. Not, indeed, that any Court of that day was particularly creditable.

Perhaps, however, M. Lavisse somewhat exaggerates the misery and sordidness of those early years. The chief authority for the worst details is the memoirs of Frederick's sister, Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth. M. Lavisse, indeed, recognises that these sketches, written after the events by a

woman clever and spiteful, broken in health and disappointed of her ambition, are necessarily exaggerated in statement and gloomy in tone; but it seems to me that he has hardly allowed enough for the aberrations caused by the character and personal troubles of Wilhelmina. He is ready to admit her as a trustworthy witness to her own feelings and her own history. Even this is rather too much to concede. Cleverness and bad health together will play strange tricks with the best-known facts and the clearest reminiscences, and Wilhelmina's statements in the memoirs are often contradicted by her own letters written at the time of the event described.

The strange character and vacillating policy of Frederick William are well brought out. M. Lavisse points out how he regarded himself not as the King of Prussia so much as the steward of the ideal king, who stood to him in place of the royal ancestry he did not possess. It was this visionary "king as he ought to be" that was the implacable taskmaster of Frederick William, and indeed, one might say, of his son, who worked as hard, though with clearer views. Again, Frederick William was, like several other potentates of the time, two princes rolled into one—Elector of Brandenburg, bound to furnish his contingent of troops if called on by the Diet, and King of Prussia, an independent sovereign.

The chief interest of the book centres in the famous "double marriage" project, by which Frederick of Prussia was to marry Amelia, daughter of George II., and Wilhelmina that luckless "Fred, who was alive and is dead." For it was the intrigues about this, in which the Queen forwarded and the Emperor's envoys and tools opposed the English match, that gave rise to that feud between Frederick and his father which nearly cost the Crown Prince his life, and made him early a cynic and a dissembler.

Possibly, M. Lavisse lets his natural objection to the founders of Prussia colour his picture somewhat; he exaggerates the ugly aspect of both father and son, just as Carlyle exaggerates their better qualities. Perhaps, also, rather too much is made of the misery and neglect into which Frederick's wife fell. There seems evidence, at any rate, that she was not neglected during the years that Frederick spent at Ruppin and Rheinsberg; though, after his accession, he naturally, if not very creditably, gave less and less attention to a wife who had been derived upon him, for whom he had never cared, and who was, or seemed to him, totally unable to comprehend either his business or his recreations.

For the rest, the work gives a careful, detailed, and accurate account of an interesting if not beautiful page in history. It gives a view of Frederick William I. and Frederick resembling the portraits drawn by Carlyle, but evidently truer to life. The translator has done his work well in the main; now and then there are awkwardnesses of expression or trifling blunders. For instance, at p. 29, "infantas" are said to be "kings' sons" in Spain. Again, on p. 215, Frederick and his sister are described as applying the names out of Scarron's "Roman Comique" to the personages of the Court. "They called Grumbkow Ill-nature," says Mr. Simeon, translating unnecessarily the name of the character La Rancune. It is hardly strange that the children should have nicknamed their father "Ragotin," for Ragotin is led by the nose by La Rancune much as Frederick William was by Grumbkow. These and a few other slips serve to remind us that we are reading a translation; but still the work is well done—if it were worth doing at all. But surely all those who are likely to take an interest in the early days of Frederick the Great would be able to read a French work on that subject in French.

A. R. R.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

The Naval Manoeuvres, during ten days, beginning in the last week of July, are confined mainly to the Irish Channel and to the south coasts of England and Ireland from Devonport to Queenstown, but extend north to Liverpool and to Greenock on the British coast. The Red fleet assembled at Portland is supposed to be defending the United Kingdom, under command of Vice-Admiral H. Fairfax, C.B., with a second division, from Torbay, under Rear-Admiral R. O'B. Fitzroy, and with a covering squadron at Milford Haven, commanded by Captain Orford Churchill. It engages in hostilities against the Blue squadron, which is under the command of Rear-Admiral H. C. St. John, and which, having assembled at Falmouth on July 24, and entered St. George's Channel, has already occupied part of the western shores of Great Britain. The Red fleet, being greatly superior to the enemy in force, and having power, with its second division, to pass all round the west and north coasts of Ireland, where the harbours of Berehaven and Blackrod Bay serve for its accommodation, will attempt to catch Admiral St. John's squadron in the Irish Sea, entering by the north passage as well as by the south. Admiral St. John, for his part will endeavour to prevent the two divisions of the Red fleet co-operating or communicating with each other. He is furnished with twenty-one torpedo-boats. The Red covering squadron, consisting of a few coast-defence vessels and some gun-boats, with six torpedo-boats, will be chiefly employed in checking the activity of the Blue torpedo-boats and molesting the larger ships of the Blue squadron in harbour. It is not likely that the ironclads will meet in a regular battle. Armed cruisers will find plenty of work; and one of these, in the Red fleet, is H.M.S. Melampus, commanded by his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

The Cape Colony Legislature is now engaged with a Ministerial measure, not for extending, but for restricting, the electoral franchise, raising the qualification of voters from a £25 to a £75 occupation, and excluding those who cannot write their names, addresses, and description of property or tenure. Mr. Hofmeyr, the Prime Minister, urged the need of this Bill in a strong and earnest speech, on July 18, and it passed the House of Assembly by a more than two-thirds vote.

The criminal trials at Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, of the persons implicated in the assassination of M. Beltcheff, a Minister of State, and in plots to assassinate M. Stambuloff, the Prime Minister, and Prince Ferdinand, concluded on July 19. Four of the accused are condemned to death; eight to terms of imprisonment, from three years to fifteen years; M. Karaveloff, a former Regent and Prime Minister, to five years' imprisonment.

The Royal Normal College for the Blind, at Upper Norwood, held its annual meeting on Thursday, July 21; the Duke of Westminster presided. A satisfactory report of the working of the institution was presented. A memorial of the late Dr. T. R. Armitage, one of the greatest benefactors of the blind, has been erected here; it consists of a library, with a tower, clock, and bell. The Duke's little daughter, Lady Mary Grosvenor, touched an electrical apparatus to set the clock going.

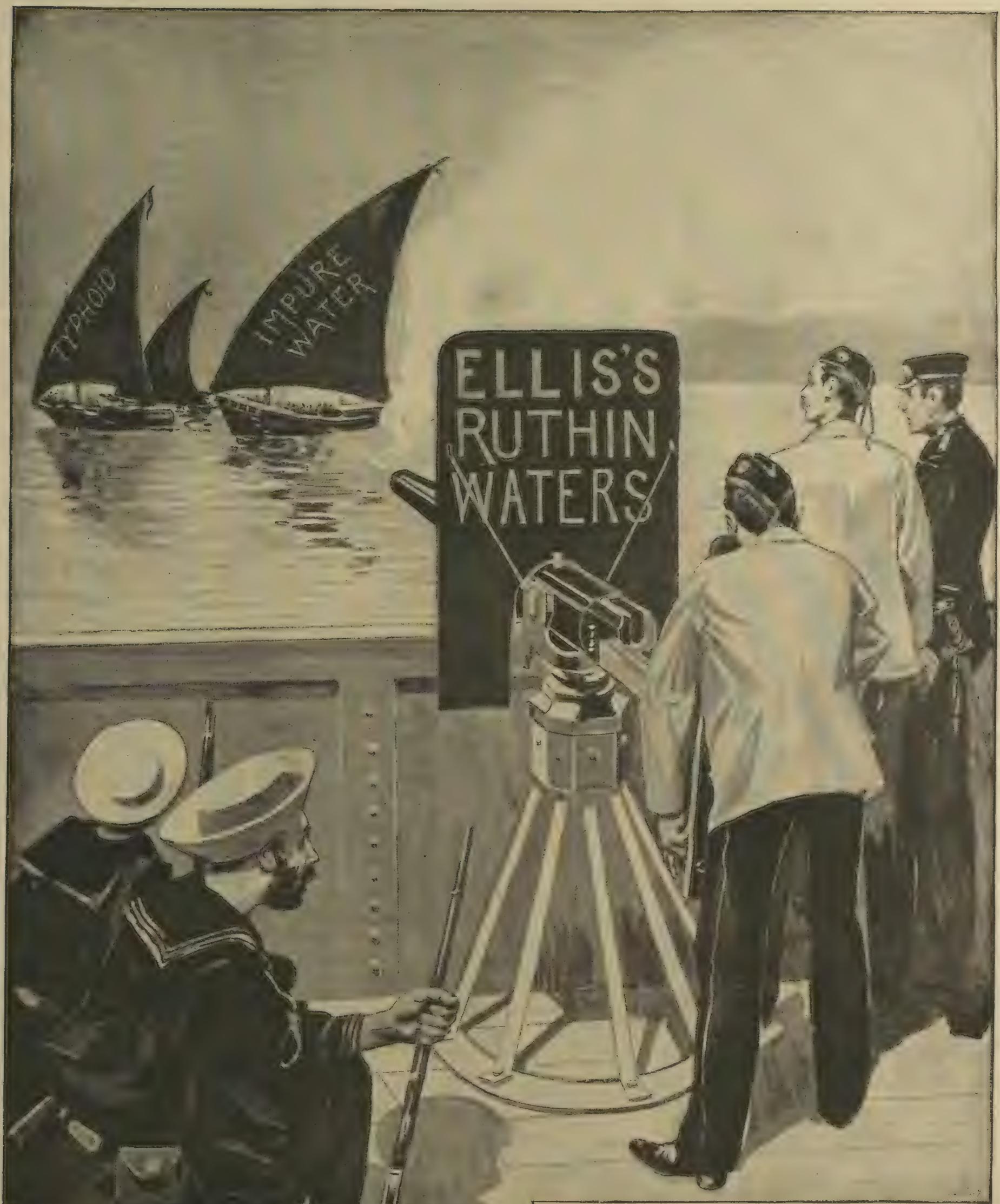
APPOINTED
BY SPECIAL
ROYAL WARRANT



SOAP MAKERS
TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN.

THE MANUFACTURERS
OF
SUNLIGHT SOAP
HAVE BEEN APPOINTED
BY SPECIAL ROYAL WARRANT
SOAP MAKERS
To Her Majesty the Queen.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1889.



ELLIS'S
TABLE
WATERS.



SOLE ADDRESS:
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MUSIC.

So far as the notice of fresh productions or revivals is concerned, our duties in connection with the opera season have already terminated. There remains only to cast a brief retrospective glance at the work that has been done during the past ten weeks, and to congratulate Sir Augustus Harris upon having brought his extensive and hazardous undertaking to a successful issue. It may, perhaps, be asked why we use the word "hazardous" with reference to an enterprise so well protected by subscription as the Royal Opera season. Our answer would be that the impresario really ran a very great risk when he added to his ordinary personnel a complete second company of German artists, orchestra, and chorus. It is easy to be wise after the event; but suppose these German performances had not been a success—suppose the operatic public had refused in a dull season to take an interest in the reproduction of Wagner's colossal tetralogy and his advanced "Tristan"—on which side, we should like to know, would the balance have been then? As it was, everything turned out well, and for the simple reason that the entire venture was carried out in a liberal spirit, with the best artists that could be obtained, with a complete supply of adequate accessories, and with a conductor who thoroughly understood his business. It would, to our thinking, be idle to deny that the representations of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" witnessed this year were more successful in every way than those given here in 1882. That they have awakened a more widespread appreciation and been better understood is absolutely certain, and we shall be surprised if they are not found to mark a vast stride in the advance of Wagnerian art in this country.

Apart from the "Ring," four new works (three of them complete novelties) were added to the Covent Garden repertory during the course of the season, and if we may count "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen," which came out at Drury Lane, this makes the number altogether five. Italy would have fared badly in the general calculation but for the two operas of Pietro Mascagni, which between them attained the substantial total of twenty-one performances. "Cavalleria Rusticana" was given fourteen times, and no less than thrice in the last week. The Santuzza of that gifted artist Madame Calvi added immensely to the attractiveness of the popular one-act opera, and as much may be said for her co-operation with Signor de Lucia in the successful production of "L'Amico Fritz." Mascagni owes much, therefore,

to these clever and zealous interpreters, who, by-the-way, will before the end of the year create the principal parts in his new opera, "Les Rantzau." The warmest friends of Mr. Isidore de Lara would hardly venture to claim more than a *succès d'estime* for "La Luce dell'Asia," though they are unquestionably entitled to anticipate something better for his second opera, "Amy Robsart," which will, at least, have the advantage of being originally written for the lyric stage. We have fully recognised the distinct promise of Mr. de Lara's initial essay, and would once more bestow hearty encouragement upon the young Englishman as well as upon the talented young French composer, M. Bemberg, whose "Elaine" affords no less agreeable promise of future distinction. An operatic manager does not expect all his novelties to turn out enduring successes, but it is greatly to his credit when he affords a chance to rising composers, irrespective of nationality, instead of invariably pursuing the safer course of producing works which have already received the cachet of a favourable reception elsewhere. In this regard, therefore, the past season compares exceedingly well with its more immediate predecessors, and we are especially glad on that account to know that the enterprise and energy of the director have been so satisfactorily rewarded.

The usual series of academical concerts marking the close of the term have been held within the past week or two. The Royal College of Music led the way, and, in a somewhat limited scheme exhibited a steady maintenance of the high standard aimed at by the authorities of this institution. The pupils of the London Academy of Music, under Mr. A. Pollitzer, also did well, while those of Trinity College, London, gave evidence of careful training and increasing merit. The orchestral class of the Guildhall School of Music furnished a capital display of similar excellent qualities at a concert given in the Guildhall on Saturday, July 23, on which occasion the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs were present in state. Here—a special word of praise is called for, inasmuch as the orchestra, which since the death of Mr. Weist Hill has been under the direction of Mr. George W. Collins, betrayed no sign whatever of deterioration, and in one or two respects—we refer more particularly to the quality of tone and unity of phrasing—made manifest a perceptible advance. Again, one individual effort at this concert is decidedly worthy of mention—namely, a performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto by Miss Jeanne Levine. This young lady possesses an admirable technique and singularly pure artistic style, and we quite expect to see her one day assume a high position in the ranks of professional violinists. The Royal Academy

students appeared at St. James's Hall on July 26, and did their work as usual under the leadership of their popular principal. An interesting item was the concerto for two pianofortes, by Mozart, which had for its executants Miss Llewella Davies and Miss Maude Wilson. Both young ladies played with neatness and taste, and the appropriate cadenzas of Moscheles were effectively given. A vocal scena entitled "Wulstan," from the pen of that promising student, Mr. Granville Bantock, was dramatically sung by Mr. H. Lane-Wilson, who possesses a fine deep baritone voice and good style. Two numbers from an orchestral suite by Mr. Reginald Steggall (another talented student) were also introduced and very warmly applauded.

The appointment of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie as conductor of the Philharmonic Society, in the place of Mr. Frederic Cowen (who resigned his post a short time since), has created general satisfaction in musical circles. It is felt that the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music will prove himself the right man in the right place. It is not, however, accurate to quote the late Sir Sterndale Bennett as an appropriate instance of the two positions being simultaneously held by the same musician. As a matter of fact, Sir Sterndale actually gave up the conductorship of the Philharmonic Society in the very year (1866) that he accepted the post of Principal of the Royal Academy. Dr. Mackenzie has plenty of work to do at Tenterden Street, apart from the labours of composition; but he hopes to have sufficient spare time to enable him to do justice to his new duties, which, of course, he is only called upon to attend to during three or four months of the year.

The summer fête of the Farningham and Swanley Home for Little Boys, in West Kent, took place on July 23, the Earl of Darnley presiding, accompanied by the Countess. There are three hundred boys, mostly orphans or fatherless and destitute, provided with board, lodging, education, and some technical instruction. The examination of them was quite satisfactory, especially in arithmetic and drawing. A deficiency of £800 in the funds has to be supplied.

The election of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, a Parsee gentleman resident in London, as M.P. for Central Finsbury was celebrated on Saturday, July 23, by a dinner at the Holborn Restaurant, attended by a hundred and fifty natives of India or their friends, including several ladies. Mr. H. M. Bhownagree, C.I.E., presided, and Mr. Tej Narayan Singh read an address of congratulation. In the meantime a petition disputing the poll has been prepared on behalf of Captain Penton, the Conservative candidate.

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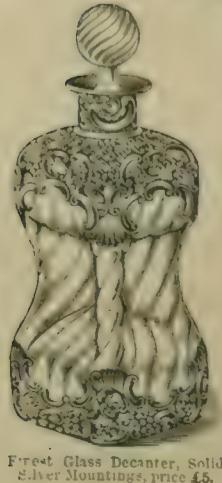
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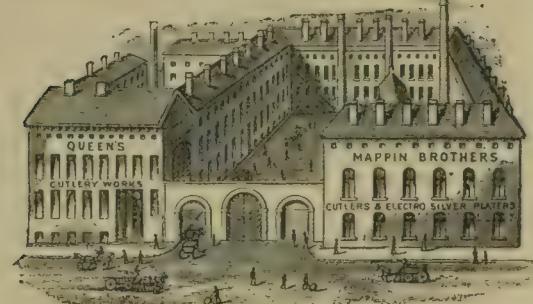
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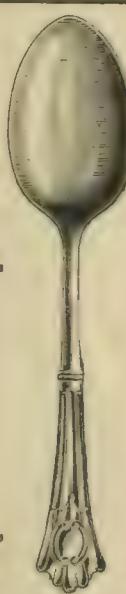
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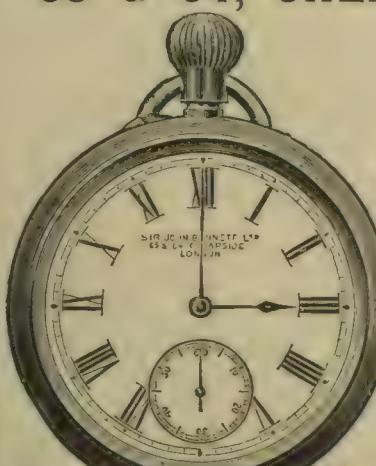
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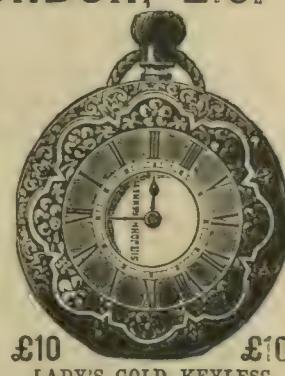
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Ditto in Silver, £5.

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Ditto in Silver, £5.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1890), with a codicil (dated Oct. 10, 1891), of Mr. Frank Clarke Hills, late of Redleaf, Penshurst, Kent, who died on May 3, was proved on July 14 by Frank Ernest Hills, Edward Henry Hills, and Arnold Frank Hills, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £1,912,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to the British Home for Incurables and the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead; £500 to the Association for the General Welfare of the Blind; £300 to the National Refugees for Homeless and Destitute Children; £200 to the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution; £10,000 to the widow and children of his late brother Thomas, to be equally divided between them; £10,000, upon trust, for his brother George, for life; £5000 to his brother Henry; £1000 to the widow of his late brother Arthur; £65,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Ellen Marianne Harvey, for life, and then for her issue as she shall appoint; £65,000, upon similar trusts, for his daughter Mrs. Constance Annie Harvey and her issue; and legacies to clerks and foreman of yard in employ of firm of F. C. Hills and Co., of Deptford. The Redleaf estate, with all the furniture, pictures, plate, household effects, wines, consumable stores, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, and arrears of rent, he gives to his son Frank Ernest. All the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three sons, Frank Ernest, Edward Henry, and Arnold Frank, to be divided equally between them.

The will of the late Sir James Joseph Allport, Knight, who died at the St. Pancras Hotel on April 25, aged eighty-one, was proved by the executors, his son, Howard Aston Allport, his son-in-law, Thomas Brocklebank, and his daughter, Mrs. Mary Louisa Needham, on July 14. Probate duty was paid on personalty amounting to £193,074 4s. 7d. The testator left real estate in Derbyshire and Leicestershire; and the whole of the real and personal property is left among his children, Howard Aston Allport, Mrs. Mary Louisa Needham, Mrs. Emily Langley, Mrs. Agnes Lydia Brocklebank, and Charles James Allport.

The will of Mr. James Attenborough, formerly of 32, Strand, and of Brockham Court, near Reigate, and late of Clifton, Biggleswade, Beds, who died on June 30, was proved on July 11 by Robert Percy Attenborough, the nephew, and Stanley James Attenborough, the son, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £140,000. The testator bequeaths £105 to each of his executors; an annuity of £105 to his servant Sarah Ann Tee; and £4000, upon trust, for his son Thomas Smith Attenborough. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one tenth to, and one tenth upon trust for, his son Sydney William Attenborough; one tenth to, and one tenth upon trust for, his son Stanley James Attenborough; two tenths, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Catherine Symes, her husband, and children; two tenths, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Laura Mary Attenborough, her husband, and children; and two tenths, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Gertrude Alma Stacey, her husband, and children.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Mr. Frederick Francis Baker, late of Ivy Lodge, Upper Tooting, who died on June 2, a bachelor, without parent, brother, or sister, and intestate, were granted on July 4 to Sir John Stephen Barrington Simeon, Bart., and George Barrington Baker, the nephews and two of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £113,000.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1869), with four codicils (dated Dec. 28, 1870; April 23, 1873; Nov. 10, 1875; and Nov. 12,

1879), of Mr. John Moyer Heathcote, D.L., J.P., late of Conington Castle, Peterborough, who died on March 27, was proved on July 16 by John Moyer Heathcote, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £75,000. The testator gives an annuity of £350, charged on his real estate, and £20,000 to his daughter, Mary Emily; and in the event of his daughter-in-law, Louisa Cecilia, surviving her husband (his said son John Moyer), he charges his real estate with the payment of £500 per annum to her for life. He bequeaths the Marden Ash plate to his son Charles Gilbert, and appoints in his favour the balance of the trust funds for younger children under his marriage settlement, amounting to about £5689. The remainder of his plate and all the furniture and effects at his residence, Conington Castle, are to go therewith and be enjoyed by the person who shall become entitled thereto. There are legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son John Moyer Heathcote; and he devises to him, subject to the annuities, all his manors, messuages, lands, advowsons, rights of patronage and presentation, tenuities and hereditaments.

The will (dated July 13, 1882) of Lady Elizabeth Victoire Clements, late of 41, Grosvenor Street, who died on Jan. 28, was proved on July 5 by the Right Hon. Winifred, Countess of Leitrim, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £49,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to her sister, Lady Maria Anne Keppel, and her emerald and diamond locket to the said Countess of Leitrim. Subject to such legacies, she leaves all her real estate (if any) and all her personal estate to the Right Hon. Robert Birmingham, Earl of Leitrim, who survived the testatrix, but has since died.

The will (dated July 20, 1887), with a codicil (dated April 27, 1892), of Miss Elizabeth Mary Campbell, formerly of Farns, Wimborne, Dorset, and late of Coldharbour, Andover, Hants, who died on May 1, was proved on July 1 by James Campbell and Hubert Decimus Egerton, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testatrix devises the lands of Davidstown, county Kildare, and the lands of Jamestown, Queen's County, to Cecil Arthur Hunt; and there are legacies to cousins, godchildren, housemaid, gardener, and others. The residue of her property, real and personal, she leaves to the children of her uncles, Archibald Campbell and the Rev. Colin Campbell, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1889), with a codicil (dated May 13, 1892), of the Rev. James Thomas Fowler, late of East Hammingfield Rectory, near Chelmsford, who died on May 13 at San Remo, was proved on June 29 by Mrs. Letitia Mary Fowler, the widow, and Harry Rogers, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £23,000. Subject to a few legacies, the provisions of the will are in favour of testator's wife and children.

The manufacturers of Sunlight soap have just been honoured by a special royal warrant of appointment as soap-makers to her Majesty the Queen.

A "Grand Health Reception," patronised by Princess Christian, was held at the Horticultural Exhibition on Thursday, July 21, under the auspices of the London Vegetarian Society and the Bread and Food Reform League. Entertainments and cookery demonstrations were given, at which addresses on vegetarianism were delivered, and fruit, flowers, and light refreshments were sold in aid of the Educational Food Fund and Poor Children's dinners.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

A very few of our hardy and experienced managers have weathered out the famous gale of 1892. Some have gone under, and others are putting in for repairs at various provincial ports. The pluckiest of all our "old salts" is Mr. J. L. Toole, who has so delighted the public with his "Walker, London," that for the first time in many years he has to turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of his friends in the country, and has made up his mind not only to sacrifice his own necessary holiday but to cut his annual country tour as short as possible. Blackpool and other places of popular resort have determined not to do without him, but at other "centres" he will be regrettably missed; and those who wish to see what life on a Thames house-boat is like must take a ticket to London and book seats at the little theatre in King William Street, Strand. I called in there the other evening, and found the house crowded in every corner, and Mr. J. M. Barrie's clever and original little play going better than it has ever gone before—one more proof that London never turns its back on a good thing. Cheeriness, good-nature, and wholesome humour are the characteristics of this riverside sketch. There are no saddening or depressing influences about it. The author looks upon life, not through green and yellow, but through rose-coloured spectacles. And in its way it is a true and "real" sketch of English life and manner. The girls who flirt, the men who fascinate, the boys who are crazy on athletic sports, the Girton maidens with their affection of philosophy, the Cockney braggart with his comical distress, are all found welcome. Here is realism, and just realism enough. The stern advocates for life as it is on the stage, and who scorn imagination, which they consider nonsense, can surely find no fault with Mr. Barrie for his pleasant and delightful picture. If I were a youngster anxious to win my spurs as a dramatist, I would sooner follow Scotch Barrie than all the Ibsens and Maeterlincks and Swedes and Norwegians who are held up to our admiration and imitation. Obviously, the public thinks so too, for the idols of the new school are knocked over like ninepins, their imitators go under one after the other, and the observant Barrie is able to win "hands down" in one of the most disastrous dramatic years on record. It is possible that we desire a change, but it has been too rapid, so far. "Festina lente" is not a bad precept after all.

And Mr. Arthur Chudleigh has flourished at the Court. The "triple bill" is only the thin edge of the wedge that forces into the theatre as much "variety" as possible. The public wants to have as much as it can for its money, particularly the public that comes to the theatre at nine o'clock. A play of any serious purpose is almost hopeless between nine and eleven, and until the great change comes and people make up their minds to stop after the play, and not dine before it, I do not see very much chance for serious work on the stage. Make your playtime between six and ten, and then you will get a temperament to digest intellectual work; but an audience that has dined, and dined well, prefers your "Pantomime Rehearsals" and your Chevaliers and Lottie Collines to all the literature that the best men can give. It is a pity, but pity 'tis, 'tis true. Mr. B. C. Stephenson's "Faithful James" is, in essence, the kind of farce that twenty or thirty years ago would have played the people "in" to the Adelphi at seven o'clock and "out" from the Haymarket at past midnight. People had enough for their money in those old days. Mr. Howe, the veteran actor, would tell you that he has often acted in a Haymarket farce at one o'clock in the morning. But to

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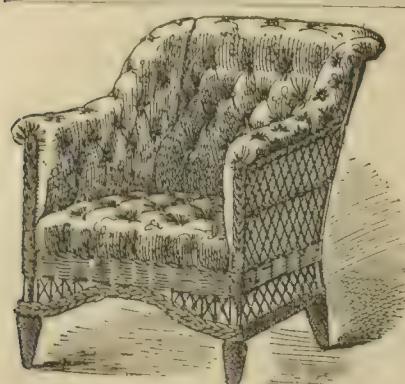
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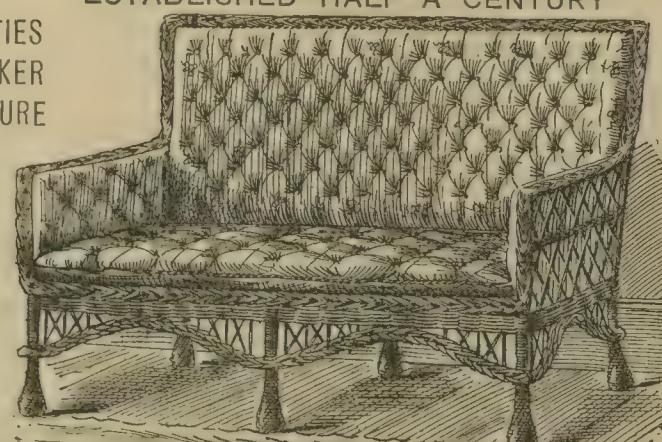


THE "HATFIELD" CHAIR.

Brown wicker, with cushions in superior tapestry, seat 16½ in. high, £2 7s. 6d.

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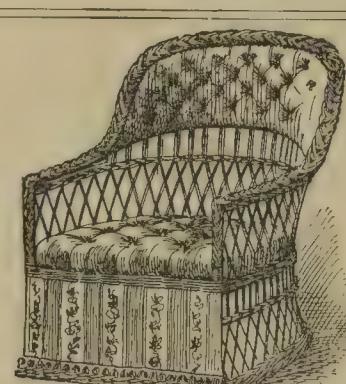
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In Brown Wicker, 3 ft. 9 in. long, height of seat (with cushion) about 17½ in., 13s. 6d.

Ditto, with seat and back cushions in tapestry, 21 15s. 6d.

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NEW
SHAPES
IN
CHAIRS



THE "CROQUET" CHAIR.

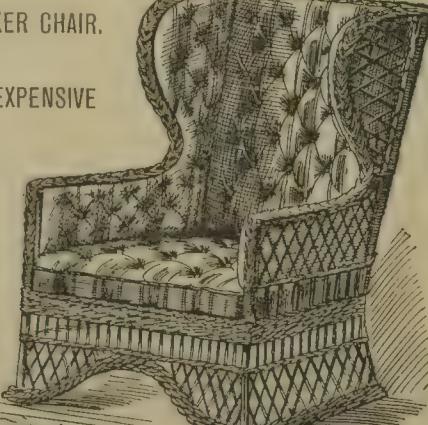
Brown wicker, with tapestry cushions and drapery, seat 15½ in. high, 12s. 9d.



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In Brown wicker, with cushions and drapery in tapestry, trimmed fringe, seat 15½ in. high, £1 13s. 6d.

A COMFORTABLE WICKER CHAIR.
ALWAYS
AN ARTISTIC AND INEXPENSIVE
PRESENT



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Brown wicker, with side wings, cushions in tapestry, seat 17½ in. high, £1 15s. 6d.

WICKER CHAIRS FOR GARDEN PARTIES



THE "CHURCHILL" WICKER CHAIR.

In tapestry, seat 14½ in. high, £1 7s. 6d.



THE "GRANTHAM" CHAIR.

Deep roomy seat, with cushions, bolster, and drapery in tapestry, seat 15½ in. high, £2 2s. 6d.

THE "OCTAGON" CHAIR.

Brown wicker, with cushion in artistic tapestry, seat 17 in. high, £1 5s. 6d.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
AUGUST.—BANK HOLIDAY.—Ordinary Return Tickets issued for distances under twelve miles are available for two days; for distances from twelve to fifty miles eight days; and for distances over fifty miles for one month, including date of issue and return.

The Cheap Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday Tickets issued to or from London and the Seaside, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, July 29, 30, and 31, will be available for return on any day up to and including Wednesday, Aug. 3.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.
VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Two Special Express Services (Weekdays and Sundays).

London to Paris (1, 2) (1, 2, 3)	Paris to London (1, 2) (1, 2, 3)
a.m. 8.50	p.m. 10.10
Victoria ... dep. 9.00 ..	Paris dep. 9.00 ..
London Edge .. 9.00 ..	8.50
p.m. 9.00 ..	p.m. 8.50
Paris arr. 6.50 ..	8.00

A Pullman Drawing-Room Car runs in the 1st and 2nd Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven. Fares—Single, First 3s. 7d., Second 2s. 7d., Third 1s. 7d. Return, First 3s. 3d., Second 2s. 3d., Third 1s. 3d. Powerful Steamers, with excellent Deck and other Cabins. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

PARIS FOR THE AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS, SATURDAY, JULY 30.—Leaving London Bridge at 9 a.m., Victoria 9 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m. (1st and 2nd Class only).

These Excursion Tickets (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will also be issued by the regular Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m. and London Bridge 9 p.m., on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, July 29, 30, and 31, and Aug. 1, 2, and 3.

Returning from Paris 8.50 p.m. on any day within fourteen days of the date of issue. Fares—First Class, 3s. 3d.; Second Class, 3s. 3d.; Third Class (Night Service only), 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY and SUNDAY TO SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, OR WEDNESDAY.—Cheap Return Tickets to Brighton will be issued Saturday and Sunday, July 30 and 31, by all Trains, according to class, from Victoria, Clapham Junction, and Balham; from Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; and from London Bridge, New Cross, Brockley, Honor Oak Park, and Forest Hill.

Returning by any Train, according to class, on the following Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday. Return fares from London, 1s. 8s. 6d., and 6s. 4d.

BANK HOLIDAY, AUG. 1.—CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON to Brighton, Lewes, Newhaven, Seaford, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Havant, Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT TRAINS DIRECT to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), Clapham Junction, &c., as required by the Traffic.

BRIGHTON RACES, AUG. 2, 3, and 4.—LEWES RACES, AUG. 5 and 6.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS.—From London Bridge and Victoria—Cheap Day Return Tickets from Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and intermediate Stations, to Brighton and Lewes Races, also from Portsmouth, Chichester, Horsham, &c., to Brighton Races only. Frequent Extra Trains from Brighton to Lewes Races.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Ludgate Circus Offices; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand; (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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SUMMER TRAIN SERVICES (WEEKDAYS).

LONDON (ST. PANCAS) dep. 5.15 9.00 9.45 10.00 10.35 12.00 12.10 12.25 2.00
arrive

Matlock Bath ... 8.37 1.30 — 2.24 — — 3.32 — 6.24

Buxton 9.35 1.47 — 2.15 — — 4.17 — 5.45

Ashbourne ... 10.20 — — — 3.25 — 6.20 6.33

Derby (Gen.) ... 10.50 — — — 3.25 — 5.20 — 7.15

Southport ... 12.50 — — — 3.55 — 5.53 — 8.45

Blackpool ... 12.20 — — — 4.65 — 6.25 — 8.45

Ilkley 2.15 — — — 3.42 — — 5.40

Harrogate ... 11.22 — — — 3.33 — 4.19 — 5.60

Morecambe ... 1.15 — — — 3.55 — 5.28 — 7.22

Grange 12.58 — — — 3.54 — 5.18 — 7.12

Windermere ... — — — — — — — —

(Lake Side) ... 1.35 — — — 4.50 — 5.40 — 7.55

Barrow-in-F'rn'ss 1.57 — — — 4.30 — 5.30 — 7.45

Glasgow (St. En.) 3.55 — — — 7.00 — 8.40

Greenock 4.30 — — — 7.50 — 9.52

Oban — — — — — 4.45

Edin'brgh (Wav.) 3.55 — — — 8.20 — —

Perth 5.58 — — — 10.20 — —

Dundee 6.10 — — — 10.35 — —

Aberdeen ... 8.40 — — — 12.30 — —

Inverness — — — — — — — —

Belfast — — — — 10.20 — 5.30 —

C — — — — — — — —

For continuation of Service see below.

A—On Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays, Passengers arrive at Southport at 11.55 p.m. B—Via Barrow. On certain dates (for which see special notices) the Steamer arrives at Belfast later. C—Via Stranraer and Larne (Sundays excepted). D—No connection to these Stations on Sundays by this Train. * In connection with Steamer to the Isle of Man by the short sea route.

SCOTLAND.

Until Aug. 15 inclusive, an Additional Express (Saturdays excepted) will leave London (St. Pancras) at 7.15 p.m. for Carlisle, Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth, Inverness, and the North of Scotland, as shown above. This Train will run also on Sunday night.

THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.—At the Princes Pier, Greenock, adjoining the G. and S. W. Station, Passengers from London and other parts of the Midland system can join the Columbia, Iona, and Lord of the Isles, and other first-class steamers, for the Firth of Clyde and Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland. THROUGH CARRIAGES between LONDON (St. Pancras) and GREENOCK.

IRELAND.

ADDITIONAL SERVICE.—Until the end of September, an additional service will be given to Belfast via Stranraer and Larne in connection with the Express Train leaving St. Pancras at 9.45 a.m., as shown above.

An additional service will also be given to England from Belfast via Stranraer and Larne at 9.45 a.m.

SALOON CARS.—Drawing-Room Saloon Cars by Day and Sleeping Saloon Cars by Night Scotch Express Trains.

Sleeping Saloon Car Stranraer to St. Pancras at 8.30 p.m. daily (Sundays excepted) throughout the Summer Season. Also from St. Pancras to Stranraer at 7.15 p.m. (Saturdays excepted) until Aug. 15 inclusive.

LAVATORY ACCOMMODATION for both 1st and 3rd Class Passengers in all the principal Midland Express Trains.

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables.

Further information as to Trains, Fares, Saloon Carriages, &c., can be obtained on application to Mr. W. L. Mugliston, Superintendent of the Line, Derby.

Derby, July 1892. GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

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SEASIDE.—An ACCELERATED and IMPROVED SUMMER SERVICE of FAST TRAINS is now running to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cromer, Southend-on-Sea, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Hunstanton.

TOURIST, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY to TUESDAY CHEAP TICKETS are issued by all Trains from London (Liverpool Street), also from Great Eastern Suburban Stations and New Cross (L.B. and S.C.) at same fares as from Liverpool Street. These Tickets are also issued from St. Pancras (Midland) and Kentish Town to Hunstanton, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Cromer.

CHAP-DAY TRIPS TO THE SEASIDE, &c. SOUTHEND-ON-SEA and back, 2s. 6d., DAILY from Liverpool Street, Fenchurch Street, Bishopsgate, Bethnal Green, Gt. Road, Coburg Road, Stratford, Forest Gate, &c.; and from all stations on the Knfield, Walthamstow, Loughton, Woolwich, Blackwall, and North London Lines. Through Fast Trains from Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Street to Southend-on-Sea.

THROUGH EXCURSION TICKETS to SOUTHEND are also issued from stations on the Metropolitan Line, via Bishopsgate and Liverpool Street.

CLACTON, WALTON, and HARWICH and back 4s., from Liverpool Street, on Sundays at 9.10 a.m., and on Mondays at 8.30 a.m.

For full particulars see bills. London, July 1892. WM. BIRT, General Manager.

PLEASURE CRUISE TO THE BALTIC.

The well-known first-class Tourist Yacht ST. SUNNIVA will make a Special Trip to the Baltic, leaving Leith on Aug. 27, and returning Sept. 17. The voyage will include a call of three days at Copenhagen and Stockholm respectively, and six days at St. Petersburg which allows time to visit Moscow. A cabin for each passenger, £35 includes First Class Return Fare (East Coast) from London, a liberal table on board, and boat service at all ports. Handbooks of information may be obtained and berths secured at the undermentioned offices: London—Mr. Wm. A. Malcolm, The Aberdeen Steam Navigation Co., 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Messrs. Sewell and Crowther, 18, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W., and all their Branches; Liverpool—Messrs. C. Maciver and Co., Tower Buildings, Waterloo Street, Glasgow, and Dundee; Messrs. Wardle and Co., 29, West Nile Street, and South Union Street, Dundee; Edinburgh—Leith; Waterloo Place, and 64, Constitution Street, Leith; Aberdeen—Mr. Charles Merrylees, Northern Steam Wharf.

PLEASURE CRUISE TO THE

MEDITERRANEAN, ADRIATIC,
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The ORIENT COMPANY will dispatch their large, full-powered steamship CHIMBORAZO, 3847 tons register, 3000 horse power, from London on Aug. 27, and return 46 days' cruise, visiting Cadiz, Malaga, Palma, Almeria, Valencia, Cattaro, Corfu, Nauplia, Piraeus (for Athens), Santorin, Malta, Gibraltar, arriving at Plymouth on Oct. 17 and London Oct. 18. The CHIMBORAZO is fitted with electric light, electric bells, hot and cold baths, &c. First-class cuisine.

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For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, Charing Cross, S.W.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

TOURS to WEST COAST and FJORDS of NORWAY and to ST. PETERSBURG. The first-class Steamer ST. SUNNIVA and ST. ROGNVALD leave LEITH and ABERDEEN for TWELVE-DAY CRUISES on July 20, Aug. 13, Aug. 20, and ST. SUNNIVA to COPENHAGEN, ST. PETERSBURG, BUDG., &c., on Aug. 27. Full particulars and Handbook, 3d. each, may be had from W. A. Malcolm, 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Sewell and Crowther, 18, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.; Cook and Sons, Ludgate Circus, E.C., and all Branches; George Houston, 64, Constitution Street, Leith; and Charles Merrylees, Northern Steam Wharf, Aberdeen.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

JAPAN AND CHINA SERVICE.—By the Company's Royal Mail Steamship Line, Empress of India, Empress of Japan, and Empress of China. Sailings from Vancouver, Aug. 28, and every three weeks thereafter. Passengers should arrive at New York, Boston, or Montreal seven days before Vancouver sailing date. Electric Light and Excellent Cuisine.

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" Minerva, Lichtenhain Allée, best pos., gard., lift.

BASLE.—Three Kings, first class facing the Rhine, lift.

CASSEL.—König v. Preussen, 1st cl. elec. light, heat, gard.

COBLENTZ.—Belle-Vue, opp. Pier and Ehrenbreitstein.

COLOGNE.—Hôtel du Nord, lift, elec. light post and telegr., mail, book, off. in the H.

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one point I can bear witness, and that is that the farces of old were not better acted than the farces of to-day. Old playgoers will swear by Wright and Paul Bedford and Buckstone, and try to make you believe that such acting as theirs was never seen. They had humour, no doubt; but their popularity depended more on their manner than their art. Suppose, for instance, favourites, and deserved favourites, as they were, either Wright or Buckstone had been told off to play "Faithful James." Would they have dreamed of following nature as closely and admirably as Mr. Weedon Grossmith does? Not a bit of it! Would they have "observed" the modern waiter, caught his manner, taken note of his idiosyncrasies, photographed for us his style, his eccentricity, his demeanour, as does the modern comedian? Nature, indeed! Why, they would have studiously gone away from it. "Faithful James" would have appeared in a carrotty wig, or in a pair of trousers of huge chess-board pattern, or in a coat of pea-green or sky-blue, with a collar under one ear and a tumbled white tie under another, and with shapeless Berlin gloves with huge fingers. At this exaggerated and unnatural picture of "Faithful James" our ancestors would have roared with laughter. It would not have been farce without carrotty wigs and alarming trousers. For my own part, I prefer the more discreet, the more admirable, and the more polished style of Mr. Weedon Grossmith, who studiously avoids the insinuation and suggestion that were the stock-in-trade of such comedians

as Edward Wright. Think what he would have made out of the scenes in "Faithful James"! how he would have emphasised the "risky situations" which stand here ready for use but are carefully glossed over by one who respects his art and the temperament of his audience! A certain gentleman lashed himself into a fury of virtuous indignation and roared like a mad bull the other day because the people laughed at "Jane," and because the object of their laughter was reported. He should have lived a few years before, and sat out an Adelphi farce when Wright was in it. As a rule, in these days the nastiness is in the minds of the audience, and the actors are extremely careful not to tempt it to the surface. Yes, the new farce at the Court is capitally acted, not only by Mr. Grossmith but by Mr. Brandon Thomas, a good comedian, and by Mr. C. P. Little and Miss Ellaline Terriss, who are both coming to the front. If the public is prepared to accept these old farces, well acted in the modern manner, there is a gold mine at the feet of the so-called modern dramatist. He has only to fish up the originals of the old Haymarket and Adelphi farces and arrange them for the modern stage. The classics of the old farcical drama are all of French origin. They were not adapted by permission, but were all stolen from the French. Anyone can take the mere plot of "Box and Cox," "The Spitalfields Weaver," "Whitebait at Greenwich," and scores of others, and render them into the English

of the modern stage. For many a long year the farce was a drug in the market. It is looking up again when it is found as the *pièce de résistance* in the programme of a fashionable West-End theatre. Theatres and music-halls will all be wanting farces ere long.

The Grosvenor Club has at length made arrangements to receive paintings from artists and others to be hung in the galleries that are now appropriated as the club drawing-room and reading-rooms. Artists as well as private gentlemen, members of the club, and others, who desire to exhibit paintings, either modern or by the old masters, can obtain all information from the club secretary. The first exhibition will take place in October.

Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, on Saturday, July 23, laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Gospel Oak, North St. Pancras, in Mansfield Road, near the Hampstead Heath Station of the North London Railway. The vicar is to be the Rev. Charles Mackeson, who has for some years past laboured in this district; the church is to be called that of "the Good Shepherd." The Bishop of London, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lord and Lady Lamington, and Lady Melville were present at the ceremony. Mr. Henry Harben has given £1000 towards the building fund.

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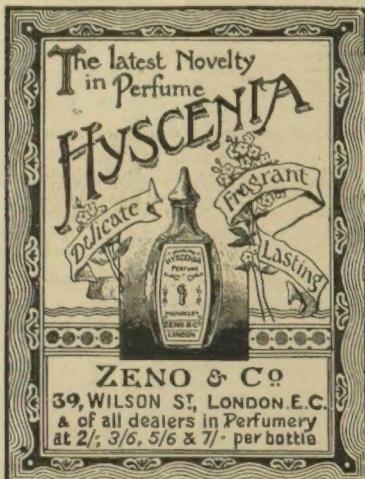
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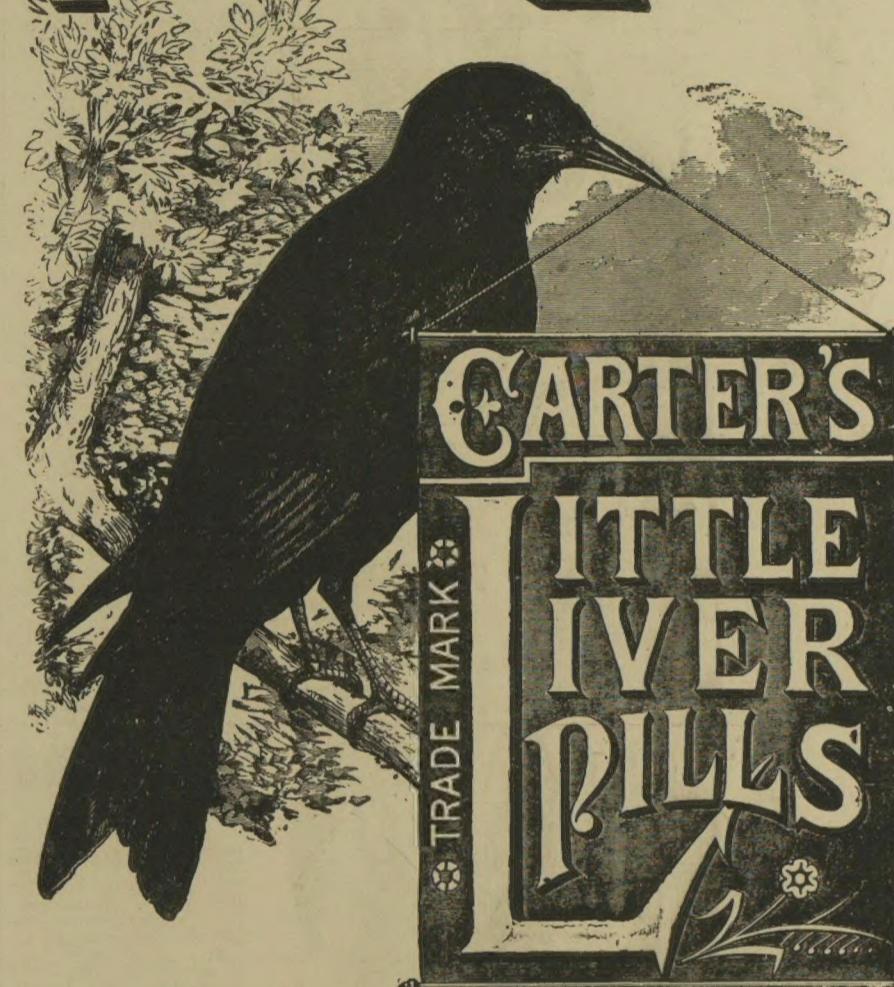
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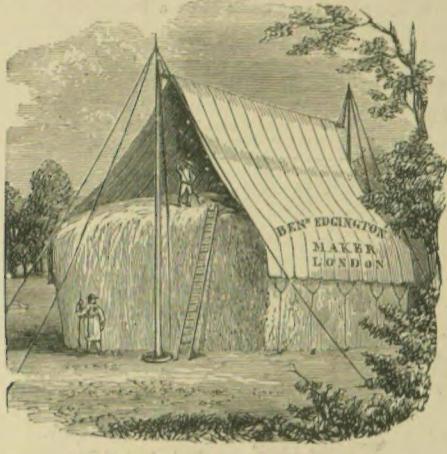
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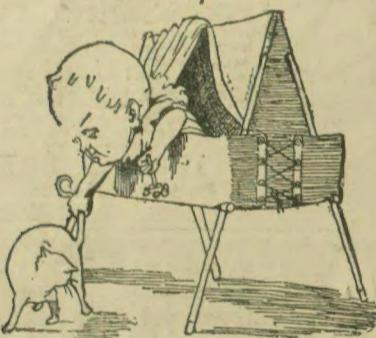
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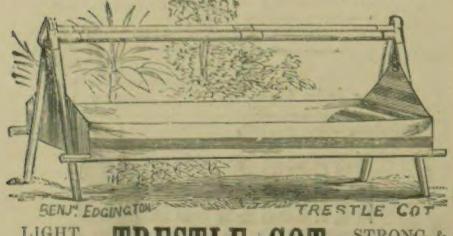
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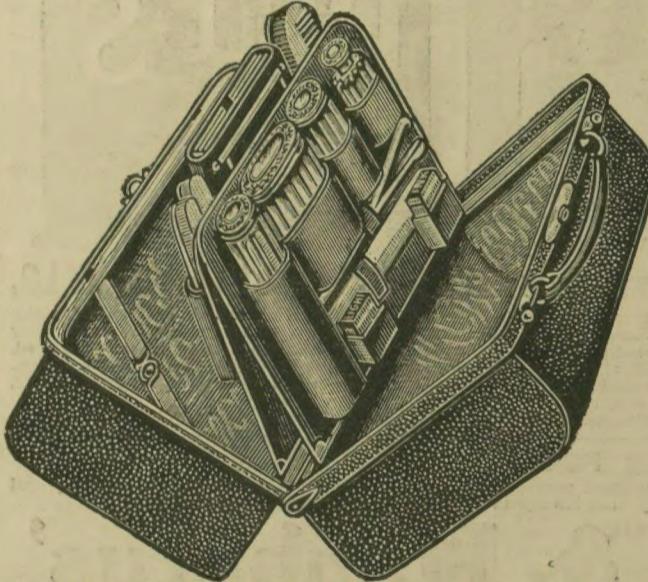


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